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THE FALL OF KHARTOUM.

THE English Ministry has, according to the latest intelligence, won the game for which it has been steadily playing for a year. Khartoum has fallen into the power of the MAHDI, and General GORDON is slain or taken. It is impossible that the intelligence which reached London (at least which was published) on Thursday afternoon should have surprised any one who has followed the events with intelligent attention. For long months General GORDON has been *Athanasius contra mundum* at Khartoum. His spirit and his genius have never failed; but, in the entire absence of trustworthy backing, it has been always a case of spirit and genius against mechanical odds. That the traitors within Khartoum and the enemy without should have taken the opportunity of the despatch of a great part of General GORDON's military and naval force northwards is in no way surprising. The fall, if it has fallen, of the city reflects in very slight degree upon Lord WOLSELEY, and not at all upon his subordinates or his army. These latter have done what they were expected to do, and have done it nobly; while if Lord WOLSELEY has been somewhat leisurely in his arrangements, it must be remembered that the dangerous moment for Khartoum would have occurred in all probability at the same conjuncture of circumstances even if that conjuncture had been hastened by two, three, four, or six months. The arrangements which have been made for the relief of Khartoum, properly supplemented as they must have been in any case by the occupation of the Souakim-Berber route, and by reinforcements of men, will amply suffice for its recapture. The expedition itself has met with no real check, though the unexplained loss of the steamers is undoubtedly most unfortunate. But the disaster is not, as far as England is concerned, military; it is moral. From the moment when the Government refused to let General GRAHAM's victories of a twelve-month ago bear their natural fruit in the relief of Khartoum, the fate of the town has been a mere matter of fortune. Now that it has happened, it is no doubt a heavy blow for England. It is, as it were, the last warning of the hopeless imbecility of the Government which Englishmen allow to continue in power—the final and stunning reminder that happy-go-lucky is no policy and see-what-happens no wisdom. The time has been when it would have raised the nation to something like frenzy; as it is, the sad experience of years has taught most of those who heard the news how to anticipate its effect, or absence of effect. It was at least highly probable on Thursday afternoon that the editors of Gladstonian newspapers would demonstrate elaborately how the catastrophe had nothing to do with Mr. GLADSTONE; that Gladstonian members of Parliament would liberate their consciences by speech and then enslave them again by voting; that the great public would go on to its farm and its merchandise, its idle Caucus meetings and its mischievous dreams of prosperity by legislation, and neglect this great national rebuke as something irrelevant and null. Perhaps it may not be so; and, if those who would not hear the lesson of Majuba are deaf also to the lesson of Khartoum, then will they surely be deaf also though one should rise from the dead to warn them. But it must be again and again insisted on that in the disastrous news of Thursday there is nothing surprising; that, true or false, it simply expresses the legitimate result of months of Ministerial neglect and months of public incuria.

This public incuria, which has been so constantly exhi-

bited during the Egyptian business, and which is by far the most alarming symptom of current English politics, has never been more unintelligible or more decided than at the moment before the announcement of the fall of Khartoum. In two of the most important transactions of foreign politics that have been known during this generation an English Ministry is engaging itself after a fashion which can only not be called *à perte de vue* because the beginning as well as the end of the transaction is out of sight. The reports as to the exact terms of the Ministerial surrender to France, or the Ministerial compromise with France, or the Ministerial defiance of France (for, according to the tenor of these reports, the proceeding may be described by any of these terms), vary in a wilder fashion every week. Abroad, as at home, the accounts of the proposed arrangement are not so much different as contradictory, and abroad, as at home, it is a subject of blank surprise or of far-fetched explanation that, in face of such events as the reaching of the Nile by General STEWART's column, any arrangement should be thought of at all. Public opinion, to do it justice, showed no sign of reconciliation to surrender; but, at the same time, it showed a very remarkable indifference on the point whether surrender is or is not going on. It may be (to avoid contentious matter as far as possible) that what its admirers delight to call the new English democracy is sound as to the imperial duties of England. But, if so, it accompanies its soundness by a total indifference as to what is or is not being done on the subject. The ingenious person who shouted "BRADLAUGH" during Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's remarks on the Colonies appears to be a type, or surely Cabinet Minister after Cabinet Minister would not be permitted to appear in public, and to talk about matters as miscellaneous and as unimportant as the oracle-subjects in ARISTOPHANES, without so much as an attempt being made to "heckle" or even to express an opinion on matters in comparison with which all matters of so-called domestic policy are dust in the balance. Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE is not a Cabinet Minister, but he is in special relation to the subject, and Lord EDMOND's estimable desire appears, from his own words, to be to "defeat the Conservative Opposition" somehow or other. That is the policy of the present Ministry in little. Never mind the interests of the country; but defeat the Conservative Opposition.

But the negotiations with France are not the only instance or occasion of this strange indifference. The mysterious movements of Italy in the Red Sea have passed from the stage of project into that of fact. One Egyptian garrison, at any rate, has been politely and apparently *à l'amiable* relieved by an Italian garrison, and the process is, it seems, to be continued in many other cases. This singular proceeding, according to rumour (which, as usual, proceeds upon more or less manifest probability), is the result of an agreement between England and Italy. What right has England to make an agreement with any Power at the expense of the SULTAN and the KHEDIVÉ? What wisdom is there in handing over, with or without right, strong places in the Red Sea to other Powers, instead of retaining that sea as a *mare clausum* for England and her trustors—that is to say, Egypt and Turkey? Further, right and expediency being granted or waived, what consideration is Italy to give in return for this easily-won slice of the continent for which other nations are scratching each other's eyes out? We have not the slightest intention of saying or hinting that satisfactory answers may

not be given to all these questions. At present no answers at all, satisfactory or other, have been given; and the establishment of Italy in the Red Sea will be an accomplished fact, the transaction with France a fact only too far gone towards establishment, before Parliament can meet. This being so, where is that noble hatred of secret treaties, that sublime aversion to clandestine transactions of propitiation and *pour-boire*, which was manifested five or six years ago? Far be it from us to make sarcastic remarks on an Italian alliance, or to go to the prophet for rascally comparisons about Egypt and reeds and the habit of reeds when indiscreetly leant on. But it would be at least satisfactory to know the aim, the terms, and the reason of this new way of playing an old part. We lavish our blood in the central Egyptian Soudan, and Italy gravely occupies ports in the eastern Egyptian Soudan. Some men say she is to have Massowah, which we promised the other day to King JOHN of Abyssinia; some that she is to have Souakim, which has been a kind of hell on earth for the British army during eighteen months or thereabouts. "All is best, though we oft doubt." Of that it would be sacrilegious to be dubious while England is in the keeping of Mr. GLADSTONE. But the utmost trust in one's man of business does not exclude a carnal longing to see a balance-sheet now and then, more particularly when such singular proceedings are going on as the apparently gratuitous acquisition of the Littoral of the Red Sea by Italy. While *felix Italia*, without even the trouble of getting married like her old enemy and mistress, acquires territory, Englishmen are doing and suffering on the Nile what all men now know. If the intolerable paradox of the situation is brought home by the fall of Khartoum, even the fall of Khartoum will have been not wholly a misfortune.

INDEPENDENT LIBERALS.

MR. GOSCHEN has the merit of being the first Liberal to protest in public against the predatory doctrines which have profoundly alarmed all reasonable members of the party. It is natural that he should cling to the political title and organization with which he has been associated through life. He would be in truth a Liberal of the Liberals if that name still bore the meaning which it conveyed twenty or ten or even five years ago. He has for some years so far disassociated himself from his former colleagues as to withhold his assent from the extension of household suffrage to the counties. Almost alone, he expressed his disapproval of the rash pledge which has now been redeemed. Lord HARTINGTON, when he announced his conversion to Mr. TREVELYAN's proposals, perhaps little thought that his resistance to the degradation of the Irish franchise would be summarily overruled. When it became certain that the Franchise Bill would be carried, Mr. GOSCHEN, after delivering one or two argumentative speeches against the measure, wisely declined further opposition. He has now nothing to retract; and he might easily show that his apprehensions have already been more than justified; but he is not disposed to engage in the task of expatiating on irrevocable mischiefs. If possible, he would gladly find himself a false prophet; and he will do his utmost to prevent or mitigate the evils which he foresaw.

It is well that, during the unaccountable silence of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's colleagues and of Mr. GLADSTONE's Liberal supporters, one member of high position should have courage to assert his independence. The helpless discontent of submissive partisans finds amusing utterance in a letter published by Mr. ACLAND. He is, as he truly says, a loyal and consistent follower of Mr. GLADSTONE, and he is evidently ignorant of the direction in which he is to follow his leader. He at present fears not that revolutionary projects may be introduced and perhaps adopted, to the ruin of the country rather than of the party, but that "some of the main body of the Liberal ranks who have hitherto enjoyed the confidence of all classes among their constituents, and have recognized in Mr. GLADSTONE a prudent as well as a courageous leader, may now be inclined to stand aloof." It is apparently with an exclusive regard to party interests that Mr. ACLAND doubts whether "it is wise to approach [certain political questions] in the spirit of an appeal to the poor against the rich, or, as it is called, to labour against capital." Plunder and oppression are nevertheless objectionable, even if their promoters failed to disturb by their candour the allegiance of devoted adherents. It may be conjectured that in the possible contingency of Mr. GLADSTONE's concurrence with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, Mr. ACLAND will cordially acquiesce in the exaction of a ransom

from the wealthier classes and in the iniquitous scheme of a graduated Income-tax. He is already prepared to deal with the "constitution of the Legislature," or, in other words, with the abolition of the House of Lords, and also with the laws relating to ownership and transfer of real property. Mr. GLADSTONE has only to supply him with an authorized interpretation of phrases which may mean anything or nothing. The present temper of thorough party zealots is perhaps more accurately represented by one of the rank and file of the party than by more prominent members.

It is to be hoped that Mr. GOSCHEN was justified in his confident appeal from Mr. CHAMBERLAIN to Mr. GLADSTONE. The present fiscal system, which is, as Mr. GOSCHEN says, the most equitable in the world, is in no small degree the work of Mr. GLADSTONE. A demagogue addressing himself to popular cupidity asserts that the adjustment of taxation is fundamentally unjust. If Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is in the right, Mr. GLADSTONE has during the greater part of his life been wholly in the wrong; yet it is not absolutely certain that at the present moment Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN may not agree. To this doubt the apparently concerted silence which Mr. GOSCHEN alone disturbs may be probably attributed. One constitutional innovation of the gravest significance has already been established. Ministers are no longer bound to one another by joint responsibility, and one of their number may propose a political and social revolution without either converting his colleagues or forfeiting his seat in the Cabinet. Mr. GOSCHEN modestly hopes that he may be allowed as a private member some portion of the independence which is claimed and exercised by the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE. In the meantime he is one of the waverers denounced by Mr. ACLAND who are disposed to stand aloof while the course of the Liberal party is still undetermined. He is, for instance, not prepared to approve the institution of a Land Court to settle the amount of rents; and he profanely asserts that of the three F.'s which are borrowed by the Farmers' Alliance from the Irish Land Bill, two are incompatible with one another. Mr. GOSCHEN has never assented to the relegation of political economy to Jupiter and Saturn. It would be as rational and as possible to relegate to the same regions the law of gravitation. Natural laws assert themselves, if not in their direct and beneficent application, at least in the punishment of perverse attempts at counteraction.

It is not yet certain whether an eminent and independent Liberal will find any new constituency to return him. Mr. GOSCHEN unfortunately lost his seat for the City of London through his participation in the merited unpopularity of Mr. GLADSTONE's first Cabinet. No fitter representative of a great commercial community could have been found; and his separation from his earliest constituents was unfortunate for both parties. Under the Franchise Bill the City will lose two members out of four; and it is not likely that room will be found for any member who declines to join the Conservative party. Ripon has almost always illustrated by the selection of distinguished representatives the compensating advantages which resulted from the theoretically indefensible anomaly of nomination boroughs. It will be well if one of the divisions of Edinburgh provides a refuge for a candidate who can claim no party support. The meeting which was lately addressed by Mr. GOSCHEN gave him a fair hearing; but it had been thought prudent to disclaim any purpose of securing pledges of support. Scotch constituencies have, with few exceptions, since they first obtained the franchise voted with monotonous uniformity for Liberal candidates. The tradition would not be interrupted by the election of Mr. GOSCHEN; but there can be no doubt that the party managers will use their utmost efforts to defeat a professed opponent of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. In the year which will elapse before a general election, the fragments of the Caucus will have time to reunite in accordance with a plan which was lately described by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. One of the worst consequences of the system is that the powers of the Caucus are wielded, not by the majority of the electors, but by the majority of the majority, which may be a minority of the whole. It is possible that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's menaces may have in some instances frightened into opposition Scotch manufacturers and traders; but there is reason to fear that the multitude will be tempted by the bribes which have been largely offered.

One of the schemes in which Mr. GOSCHEN took the keenest interest while he was still a Minister in an un-

divided Cabinet was the institution of local or municipal government in rural districts. There is now no doubt that such an organization will be established, and that wide powers will be entrusted to County Boards. Lord BEACONSFIELD'S Government committed a great error in neglecting the opportunity of effecting a reasonable settlement of the question. The principle of elected Councils was then admitted; and in the present day it would be impossible to confer new and large powers on any but a representative body. Happily no member of any political party is known to approve of Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD'S project of restoring the Heptarchy, with the ulterior object of reproducing in the United Kingdom the American Senate. It is possible that Mr. GOSCHEN'S sanguine anticipation of the moral and political effects of local government may be justified by the result; but revolutionary agitators have already discerned in the County Boards a machinery for facilitating and regulating wild and dangerous experiments. The same bodies which are, according to Mr. GOSCHEN, to cultivate and foster civic virtues are destined by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN to divide the land by compulsory purchase among those of their constituents who may wish to become farmers. If Mr. GOSCHEN had been aware of the proposal, he would perhaps have commented on the extravagant jobbery and corruption which would be among the minor evils of a redistribution of the land. Another consequence of the establishment of rural corporations will be the systematic effort of the local Caucus to confine, as in Birmingham, the absolute control of local finance and administration to one political party. When timid and short-sighted Liberals break the silence which expresses their terror and surprise, Mr. GOSCHEN'S arguments and warnings will be re-echoed from many quarters. It must not be forgotten that he alone has hitherto had the courage to denounce the Jacobinism which has found no other conspicuous assailant. Sir JAMES CAIRD has done good service in exposing the profound ignorance of agrarian projectors who propose to improve the cultivation of land by the abolition of capital and machinery. Mr. GOSCHEN'S professed conviction that the State has nothing to do with the direction of industry will be confirmed by experience if Parliament engages in the regulation of husbandry.

THE LAW FOR THE DYNAMITERS.

IT is, perhaps, of favourable augury for the better success of the police in tracking the authors of the last dynamite outrage that the authorities, major or minor, of the force have ceased to take the newspaper reporter quite so unreservedly into their confidence as heretofore. "For the moment," writes one of their former confidants with evidently quite a novel and pleasing sense of awe, "a dead silence has fallen on Scotland Yard, as it is deemed of the greatest consequence that the movements of the detectives should be shrouded in mystery." The remark exhibits all the reporter's masterly grasp of familiar truths. No silence is, indeed, of such pure gold as that which should be observed in the hunt after criminals; nor can it well be of greater consequence to any man than to a detective—except, indeed, to the criminal himself—that his movements should be shrouded in mystery. A deer-stalker who should go hallooing over the hills in a mere spirit of good-fellowship or out of downright repugnance to all underhand proceedings would have but poor sport; and really the *chasse* of our detectives has been on more than one occasion conducted very much on this mistaken principle. It is, of course, natural that the reporter should want news. "Pars" are as much his quarry as dynamiters are that of the police; but it might be pointed out to him that, after all, the interests of the two hunters are identical, and that the less the reporter is allowed to spoil the sport of the detective the more interesting incidents he will have to record. It is, at any rate, as well that he should be confined to such comparatively harmless statements as that "Fresh arrests have been made, but the police refuse to disclose the names or addresses of their prisoners." We must all cordially hope, of course, that these latter captures may turn out to be of importance; but the police, as we pointed out last week, have a good deal of leeway to make up. Even the apprehension of CUNNINGHAM, supposing the case against him to be satisfactorily established, cannot be scored to the credit of our detective force; nor, if he should turn out to be implicated in the Metropolitan Railway explosions, will that reckon as a

point in their favour either. The capture was due to the promptitude of the military guard at the Tower; the identification, if it should prove trustworthy, we shall owe to the accident of the observation and good memory of a railway official. *A propos* of this last subject, it is no doubt a step in the right direction for the Metropolitan and District Railway Companies to have issued instructions that, in the event of any further explosions occurring, every passenger in the tunnel at the time must be detained when the train draws up at the nearest station. It is a wonder that so obvious a precautionary rule has not been in force on this line ever since the date of the first explosion. It would not, as the figurative reporter avers, ensure the capture of the perpetrators of such outrages "red-handed"; that depending of course upon whether the interval of time between the depositing and the ignition of the explosive were sufficient to allow the dynamiter to alight from the train. Still, it is a precaution of its kind, and will at least make the dynamiter's underground work more difficult and risky for him than it is at present.

In the meantime, it is a point of hardly less importance to determine what is to be done with villains of this sort when they are caught. Upon this subject we are heartily glad to observe a still further progress in that healthy development of popular opinion which we noted last week. There is every disposition on the part of the public to approve the course announced by Mr. POLAND last Monday as about to be taken in the proceedings against the prisoner CUNNINGHAM. Whether indebted or not to the suggestions in "II's" letter to the *St. James's Gazette*, the Treasury, as we understand, propose to avail themselves of the provisions of 12 George III. c. 24, and to indict CUNNINGHAM under the clause providing "that whosoever shall wilfully and maliciously set on fire, and burn, or otherwise destroy, or cause to be set on fire and destroyed, any of His Majesty's ships, arsenals, dockyards . . . or any of His Majesty's military stores or other munitions of war, or any place wherein such stores and munitions of war are kept, shall be liable to the consequences of this Act"—in other words, to conviction for a capital felony and to the punishment of death. On this section being read in court the prisoner's countenance, if the reporter's observation of it may be trusted, "became more perturbed, and from that moment presented an appearance of dejection." Nothing, indeed, is rendered more probable by what we know of the character of the dynamiters than that they studiously measure the risks they suppose themselves to be running, and that news of the kind conveyed to them in Mr. POLAND'S statement would have all the effect of an extremely disagreeable surprise. It is, however, greatly to be desired that the benefit of such salutary announcements should not be confined to the perpetrators—whoever they be—of only one of the recent outrages. It has been justly pointed out by Mr. HERRIES, in a letter of comment on "II's" observations, that there would be some awkwardness "in the application of a differential scale of penalty, and many foolish persons would certainly demand on behalf of the Tower man the benefit of the most favoured criminal treatment." He proceeds to argue that the outrages in Westminster Hall and the House of Commons are acts no less properly punishable as high treason under the Act of Edward III. than was the attempt at the Tower under the later statute above referred to. Must they not, he asks, be considered as levying war against the QUEEN? "Is it not impossible that any acts of domestic hostility should be more hostile to the Sovereign than the blowing-up of HER MAJESTY'S fortresses, palaces, and halls of justice, with the indiscriminate slaughter of her guards, constables, and peaceful subjects pursuing their lawful avocations?" Common sense, we apprehend, will return but one answer to this inquiry; and there is, fortunately, good reason to believe that the reply of the criminal law is, as it is not always, in accordance in this instance with that of common sense. Mr. POLAND concluded his statement the other day by a distinct enunciation of legal principles applicable to each of these recent crimes alike. It was idle, he said, to conceal from any one that what was done on Saturday, the 24th ult., was part of the same conspiracy which had existed for years to subvert the QUEEN'S authority and to intimidate the Houses of Parliament, and what was held in GALLAGHER'S case at the Central Criminal Court and at Liverpool was true in this—that such acts were acts of war which amounted to high treason, and that persons convicted were liable to the penalty of death.

We have said before, and we repeat, that whatever be the adequacy and efficiency of the criminal law in this matter, we shall be no nearer our object of stamping out these crimes until a different spirit is infused into its administration. For a long course of years we have been accustoming ourselves, or rather a certain school of milksop politicians have been insensibly accustoming their countrymen, to regard the crime of treason, especially when committed by Irishmen, with an indulgence no less cruel in its consequence than it is foolish in its sentiment. No doubt the repugnance to murder is still sufficiently strong among us to prevent treason from condoning that crime; and we presume that no English Radical, were he even as young as young Mr. M'CARTHY, and no wiser, would venture to bestow the crown of martyrdom on the murderers of Sergeant BRETT. But wherever overt acts of treasonable violence fall short of actually homicidal results, the tendency to regard them as something only technically criminal, and inflicting no stigma of moral guilt upon their perpetrators, is, or at least has been, only too deplorably common. Our treatment of Fenianism itself, at any rate in its earlier stages, is enough to convict us as to a great extent the authors of our own present troubles. What could be more ridiculous, if it were not so purely discreditable to our national common sense and firmness, than the position now occupied by the half-crazy scoundrel whose life has been just attempted in New York? What reason was there to suppose that the original crime of a man like O'DONOVAN ROSSA would be adequately punished by a few years' penal servitude, and that he and a dozen others like him might be amnestied after so short a term of punishment without danger to the State? There is no need whatever to discuss the ethics of treason; it is one of those crimes of which the penalty ought not to be measured by ethical considerations. Governments simply cannot afford to punish lightly attempts against themselves; and the temptation, furnished by the political discontent of a portion of a community, to commit them, so far from operating to mitigate their punishment—as seems to be the sentimental view of the matter—ought, as in the case of other less romantic crimes, such as the thefts of letter-carriers, to be a reason for enhancing it. All dynamite outrages which are not high treason already should be made so and punished as such. Nor should the treatment of such crimes as treason depend upon the accident of the blowing up of an arsenal here or of a royal palace there. Fenians cannot be supposed to cherish any animosity to the Metropolitan Railway Company. Every one of their acts of violence is notoriously aimed at the State; and it is for the State to retaliate with the strongest and keenest weapon in its hands.

OWNERSHIP.

THE Industrial Remuneration Conference occupied itself with many subjects besides industrial remuneration, probably with the negative result of leaving all its members and all students of its discussions in the same state of opinion in which it found them. Those who propose to satisfy the desires of the poor by dividing among them the property which is now in private hands are not likely to have been persuaded that they would gain nothing in a general scramble. Mr. BALFOUR showed that an equal division would give the whole community forty shillings a year apiece. It is not certain that even so modest a boon would be rejected. The opponents of Socialist projects of spoliation have some reason to doubt whether they judged rightly in admitting, by their participation in the Conference, that the existence of private property was open to debate. The practical evils of a social revolution would be enormous. Industry and commerce would be instantly, and perhaps permanently, paralysed by the destruction of confidence and credit, and by the transfer to foreign countries of all capital which could be rescued from seizure; but the right of ownership, hitherto recognized in all ages and in every country since the dawn of civilization, is independent of the economic results which might follow from an attack on the fundamental principle of society. All productive activity must be stimulated either by personal interest or by comprehensive and unqualified despotism. Professor BEESLY is sanguine when he expects that the evils of the industrial system can be removed by the influence of his own or any other religion; but he judiciously appeals to the consciences of landlords and capitalists rather than to the

willing concurrence of a vast body of labourers in the industrial operations of the State. The extravagant declamation of some of the working-men who attended the Conference may have suggested to their non-Socialist colleagues the inexpediency of throwing all actual organizations into the crucible of conflicting theories. The Irish philosophers who at the present time deliver apologetic orations in defence of dynamite wish for nothing better than to provoke refutations which would elevate the doctrines to the rank of recognized subjects of controversy. Communists have a similar interest in provoking public discussion. Even Lord BRAMWELL's trenchant reasoning is less effective than the habit of taking property for granted.

The managers of the Conference were well advised in resolving that no resolutions should be proposed, and that the length of papers and speeches should be limited. The more reasonable disputants were consequently not committed to the wild propositions which would perhaps have been affirmed by a majority. The absurdest nonsense was perceptibly diluted by occasional vindications of the calumniated doctrines of political economy. Mr. FRANCIS NEWMAN, after a long life of enthusiastic devotion to successive crotchets and paradoxes, appears now to hold, perhaps in conjunction with other similar dignities, the office of Vice-President of the Land Nationalization Society. Without familiarity with the literature of his present sect, it is difficult to judge whether his new argument against landlords is as original as it is fantastic. It seems that the test of rightful ownership is the power of destroying the article possessed without injury to any one. "Any one may own a stick, or a coat, or a book," because he may destroy the article at his pleasure; yet in burning a good coat or a valuable book the owner would be guilty of a culpable folly, inasmuch as he would diminish the total amount of serviceable commodities. The landlord who should deliberately drown his estate by admitting the sea would only inflict a larger injury on the community. To avoid further inconvenient consequences in addition to his own wanton sacrifices, he must take care that the breach in the sea-wall inflicts no damage on his neighbours; but in practice private interest is a sufficient security against suicidal folly. The argument might well have befitted one of PLATO's sophists as an introduction to SOCRATES's exposure of the fallacy. Mr. NEWMAN is more in harmony with vulgar prejudice when he asserts that the wages of the labourer are artificially kept down by "the power of the landlord to sponge the farmer." It is notorious that landlords, alone among capitalists, have been in the habit of accepting smaller rents than those which they might have exacted. At present they have assuredly no power to sponge the farmer, or, in other words, to raise his rent. Perhaps Mr. NEWMAN seriously believes that they would pay higher wages if their rents were lowered, or if they became freehold owners. If the land were nationalized, the farmers must pay rent to the State, unless they were to receive an undeserved boon at the public expense. As freeholders they would pay neither more nor less than the market price for labour.

The first commentator on Mr. NEWMAN's paper thought that capitalists were at least as bad as landlords, and that both classes must be swept away. It is painful to learn that the Social Democratic Federation denounces Mr. CHAMBERLAIN himself for directing his attack only against one of the two great enemies of society. If the federated Social Democrats are wise, they will not reject the alliance of a party leader and Cabinet Minister who disturbs the foundations of proprietary right, although he may not be prepared to deduce the results of his own doctrines with logical consistency. The next speaker courteously classed the landlord and the capitalist with the burglar and his assertion that all three belonged to the same class was received with laughter and only partial dissent. It is not stated whether the anti-Socialists laughed at the illustration of their own rashness in inviting a dangerous discussion. Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON, having in an eloquent and thoughtful paper proposed his vague remedy of moralizing capital, another Social Democrat facetiously observed that he might as well try to moralize the lion, the boar, the constrictor, the owner of the deer forest, of the yacht, and of the guinea orchid. Once more the critic has to lament the irreverence which is not contented by practical co-operation with the Social Democrats. The speaker was less felicitous in constructive policy than in ironical sarcasm. "Could not," he asked, "capital be managed

"by national banks?" If so, it must be raised either by loans which will never be repaid, or by taxes on a community in which property is no longer permitted to exist. But debate is impossible in the absence of principles held in common.

The communistic agitators and their disciples constantly complain that there is a large amount of uncultivated land which might, under a sounder tenure, be available for the production of food. One of the speakers at the Conference asserted that large numbers of unemployed workmen would be happy if they were allowed to till the deer forests. The soil and climate of the Highland mountains are not favourable to agricultural experiments, and the building and fencing and clearing on a patch of deer forest would cost far more than the land could produce. In England popular feeling has been roused against the enclosure of wastes, and it is not known that other land is uncultivated. Town-bred artisans perhaps fancy when they see a tract of scanty pasture that, but for the landlord's neglect, it might be made productive as arable. The farmer has, in fact, left it, or laid it down in grass, solely on the ground that he would only plough it at a loss or with a smaller amount of profit. The State Inspectors who are, according to the communist system, to supersede the landlords would come to the same practical conclusion if they understood their business. It would in most cases be possible with sufficient manure and by the application of labour to grow potatoes or oats on ground which is now in grass; but, in all probability, the same amount of food could be bought more cheaply than it could be grown. Mr. NEWMAN himself condescends to allow that it may be necessary to import wheat, though other grain must be produced at home. The Socialists and the demagogues are injudiciously hasty in disclosing their ignorance and ineptitude even before they have the opportunity of exhibiting their practical incapacity. If the clamour about uncultivated land applies to gardens and pleasure-grounds, it may be answered that, in comparison with the harmless pleasure which they afford, the whole space which they occupy is insignificant. Even a Cockney may understand that the grass of a park is not less nutritive because it is enclosed with a wall or paling. Gardens produce more food in proportion to their extent than any other portion of the soil; and pleasure-grounds require a large amount of well-paid labour.

The country which produces the largest returns to the acre of any part of the world is to be handed over to projectors that it may be less advantageously cultivated by new occupants who are to be forcibly substituted for the rightful owners. If it is said that by means of co-operation small holdings might be cultivated with the aid of machinery and of scientific processes, there is nothing to prevent the further trial of an experiment which has hitherto not succeeded. Mr. FORSTER lately advised the Bradford co-operators to keep clear of farming. The frequent reference to the supposed possibility of rendering land more productive was more excusable in the workmen who addressed the Conference than in the restless candidate for the future lead of the Radical party who is now proposing to purchase profitable friendship at the expense of others. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in his latest Birmingham speech complained of the clamour about "confiscation and plunder and black-mail." He is himself responsible for the mention of ransom, which is equivalent to black-mail. On another occasion he substituted the word insurance, which has precisely the same meaning. A premium, or ransom, or a payment of black-mail by the owner of property to secure the remainder involves plunder and confiscation of the grossest kind. "If," says Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, "it is black-mail to propose that the 'rich should pay taxes in equal proportion to the poor, what 'word is strong enough to describe' the present injustice? The charge of demanding black-mail was founded on his own phrase of ransom, and it was not directly connected with his iniquitous scheme of taxation. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's proposal was directly the reverse of that which he describes as the payment of an equal rate of taxation by the rich and the poor. On the contrary, he asserted that taxes on property ought to be graduated in direct proportion to the amount. He probably knows that such a measure is regarded on the Continent as revolutionary, and that it has always been rejected in France. The percentage to be added to the tax upon the rich is, of course, to be assessed by the representatives of the class which is to be wholly or partially exempted. The crude theories which were propounded at the late Conference will confirm Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's confidence in the selfishness

and prejudice of the dominant section of the community. On the other hand, the political sophists and projectors know that one powerful manipulator of elections is ready to place his services at their disposal.

POLICE AND PRECAUTIONS.

THE arrest and release of Mr. GOODMAN are just the sort of incidents to be looked for while the flurry caused by the explosions lasts. There seems for the moment to be no reason to doubt that the police were mistaken in taking the first step. So much the better for Mr. GOODMAN, who is entitled to some sympathy, since it is naturally painful for an honest man to find himself suspected of an ignoble and cruel crime. In the present state of things, however, this accident might have befallen the most honourable of men, and Mr. GOODMAN has doubtless reflected that he was only bearing his share—a somewhat disproportionate one, unfortunately—of the general trouble. We might have had a much worse incident to comment on. If, for instance, it was not the arrest, but the release, which was over-hasty, there would be much greater cause for general uneasiness. The supposition, it is needless to say, is made purely for purposes of illustration, and the police, at least, have no cause to complain if a suspicion of this kind is aroused. A force which arrests at random may fairly be thought capable of releasing in a hurry. From information received, as the police would say, there is no temerity in believing Scotland Yard capable of either kind of mistake. It is perhaps better they should arrest the wrong person than that they should let the right one get off, as the first blunder is made on the side of vigilance and activity. The fact of its occurrence does none the less make it still easier to believe in bungling all round. Meanwhile, other stories come to strengthen the existing want of confidence in the police. One day we hear of extra precautions taken in this or that public building because a threatening letter has been received, or on the report of some conversation in an omnibus. Then constables in uniform and plain-clothes men literally bivouac in the threatened building, and stroll about, while all and sundry come in unasked at one door and go out unquestioned at another. These alarms are disgraceful, for the slightest reflection will show how very probable it is that they are merely the work of a mischievous or stupid practical joker. It is for obvious reasons improper to comment on the more recent steps taken by the police. They may have traced CUNNINGHAM's box, and they may have recognized CUNNINGHAM. If they have accomplished the latter fact, they will still have to explain how they contrived to let him slip through their fingers on a former occasion. They may not have been taken in by the plot to blow up Westminster from a non-existent crypt. If so, they have still to explain how a certain description came to be printed and handed about.

For the present—at least the immediate present—the police must be left to do their duty according to their lights. Changes and improvements will shortly have to be made in the force; but for some weeks, if not months, they must be trusted to work with such training and organization as the wisdom of their superiors has given them. In the meantime there are various ways in which they may be helped by the public. Until the generalship of Judge BRENNAN, or perhaps it ought to be Admiralship, comes to make good the deficiencies of the martyred JEREMIAH, it is too probable that our public buildings will continue to be an object of attack. Even when the Judge is in command, we should prefer some more trusty defence than his word before our museums and palaces are considered safe at the expense of our ships. It is not too much to ask every honest man to help in defeating the dynamiters, and it is not to be believed that there will be any general unwillingness to assist. The country which tolerated the pressgang and the balloting for the Militia when they were necessary for the common defence will hardly refuse to submit to severer police regulations when they are called for by a new danger. It would be doing our Irish-American friends an undeserved honour to compare them to NAPOLEON, but their attack is similar in kind to his. The police regulations which we should like to see imposed would unquestionably be found very galling. Travellers would find themselves subjected to an inspection such as we are little accustomed to tolerate. At present anybody may go from one end of the country to the other without being asked what he carries, and there are people who love our ancient liberties so dearly that they

will cheerfully let others be blown up to maintain them. These patriots will doubtless wail; but the majority of Englishmen will have patience and good-humour enough to submit if they are made as liable to be called upon to show the inside of their Gladstone bags as to produce their ticket. Most of us have no wish to cheat railway Companies by travelling first class at third-class prices, but there are ingenious adventurers who practise this mild swindle. To keep them in check, the guard makes calls on all travellers at his discretion, and nobody complains. What they bear for the good of the Companies they may well tolerate for their own sakes. Visitors to public buildings must be content, for a time at least, to be admitted on sufferance. We shall not suggest that they had better keep away altogether, since we need not do excessive penance for the sins of others; and, as a matter of fact, there would be no need to go so far. The number of those who habitually use the great public collections for a serious purpose is small, and they would be put to no appreciable inconvenience if they were called upon to take out a permit or renew that which is already exacted. If all the readers in the British Museum, for instance, were required to take out new tickets and give fresh guarantees, no respectable person would be in the least the worse, while a stop would be put to the possible, and even probable, misuse of passes issued some time ago. Casual visitors might very properly be required to submit to far more stringent rules than are now enforced in the British Museum or any other public building. At the present moment it is possible to enter some Government offices by one door and leave them by another, after enjoying twenty most tempting opportunities (to the dynamiter) of depositing parcels of dynamite in dark corners. While such laxity as this is practised, it is useless to keep policemen patrolling about outside. As long as the danger lasts, nobody should be allowed into any building which may be threatened except by one entrance through which he would have to pass on going out, or be allowed to stay except on definite conditions. It might even be found useful to require visitors to wait in an appointed place before leaving. In any case, they might well be asked to submit to something like the supervision exercised in every cathedral in England by deans and chapters, who will allow no one to deface old tombs except themselves.

When the public, however, are asked to accept much which must needs be most ungrateful to them, they may reasonably call upon the authorities who direct the police to do their part also. At present the force enjoys a reputation for stupidity which has in all probability not been duly earned by the individual members. Policeman X., if he were left to his own devices, would not, we prefer to think, disguise himself so as to be rather more easily recognized in plain clothes than in uniform. That intelligent officer doubtless knows that the form and the creaking of his official boots are known from afar over all Whitechapel. He has learnt from a long experience that the regulation cut of his hair is as familiar to the criminal classes as a Newgate crop. On reflection, he would certainly see that secrecy is not attained by providing plain-clothes men with canes of the same pattern too obviously bought wholesale and served out probably after a blue paper has been carefully filled up. It is, we may be sure, the business-like chief directing from headquarters who imposes these signs and tokens on his "disguised" subordinates. Of their proper motion they would infinitely prefer to put on patent-leather boots, and let their hair grow, or go shod in hobnails, with a close crop, carrying a fancy stick, or no stick, according to circumstances. In these days of competition, also, many efficient agents might be found without drawing exclusively on the uniformed constables—which means picking the detectives from men who have been drilled to walk and carry themselves in a certain easily-recognized way. It has seemed otherwise to the authorities. They dress and drill and choose their plain-clothes men so that they can be instantly picked out, even by people who have no personal reasons for being familiar with the manners and customs of the police. To the criminal, of course, they are as familiar as his jammy. The plain-clothes man can be recognized in an instant by the mere turn out of his toes in the middle of a crowd at a railway station. As long as this system is followed, it is almost useless to multiply the number of agents employed to watch, for they do very little more than show the criminal where the safe places are by warning him off from those which are watched. Even, too, if this method of supervision were more effectual than it has proved in preventing

outrages, it would still have the inconvenience of making the pursuit and capture of the successful dynamiter doubly difficult. Scotland Yard may also be asked for the twentieth time to take a lesson from Lord WOLSELEY's admirable handling of the Special Correspondent. It is almost criminal stupidity to allow reporters to learn exactly where the police are at work and what they are doing, and yet it is done every day. Some part of the blame for this mismanagement must rest on the daily papers, which employ a species of detective police of their own to spy upon the regular force, and, unfortunately, with too much success; but as long as Scotland Yard persists in doing everything in broad daylight, it will continue to be baffled and defeated. When it has become more secret itself, it will have some right to complain of the cackling of newspapers.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN AND THE TIMES.

WE make no pretence and have no desire to be in the secrets of the *Times*. But, if ever a wild echo of CROMWELL's cry when he saw LESLIE's troops descending from the hills at Dunbar could be in place in a newspaper office, it was when Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's letter to the *Daily News* of Wednesday was read in Printing House Square. There was a time when Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and the *Daily News* were not quite on such friendly terms, but that need not be further noticed. There have evidently been reconciliations and forgivenesses of injuries, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN flees to the *Daily News* for refuge against the wicked *Times*, while the *Daily News* acknowledges that the orchid is a very "pretty and delicate" plant, the second of the adjectives being perhaps a little surprising. But all this is nothing; the tenor and not the place or circumstances of this apology of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is the thing. And by that tenor Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has delivered himself, or has been delivered by whatsoever Lord he worships, into his enemies' hands in a fashion recently unexampled. Whether those enemies were happily inspired in their mode of replying is a different question; the traditions of the *Times* are peculiar. But the outside public is not interested in the matter merely as between the two combatants. Suspicious have sometimes suggested themselves even to the frankest admirers of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's abilities (among whom we are proud to rank ourselves) that logic is not exactly his forte, and that in controversy he is happiest when he can indulge in the rhetoric dear to Birmingham, or speak from such a very peculiar brief as that furnished him by his friends Messrs. SCHNADHORST, ALLARD, HACKNEY, & Co. in the little affair with Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. But hitherto suspicion could be only suspicion; for Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, with a discretion much to be recommended to all in similar case, has carefully eschewed argument properly so called. Phrases about toiling and spinning not, or about the superior enjoyableness of parties where there are no princes or Royal dukes; programmes of endowment for the proletariat; even the neat exposition of documents furnished to a guileless expounder by friends, admit not of the unpleasant examination which everything calling itself an argument must undergo. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN might even have passed as *capax ratiocinationis, nisi ratiocinatus fuisset*.

In examining Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's defence (which the *Times* has preferred not to examine), let us say at once that there is no guile about it. It is not even necessary to turn to the *Times*' article itself in order to detect his little fallacies; they are all contained in his letter, which only needs illustration by an easy reference to his Ipswich and Birmingham speeches. To put it briefly, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN accuses his assailant in the *Times* of asserting four things—(1) That JOHN STUART MILL emphatically censured graduated taxation; (2) That MILL equally objected to differential taxation of realized property; (3) That Mr. CHAMBERLAIN proposed exclusive burdens on land and securities; (4) That MILL's strong language, quoted by the *Times*, applies to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's suggestion of a graduated Income-tax. And then Mr. CHAMBERLAIN says, "Will it be credited that every one of these statements is entirely inaccurate?" Now we can answer that question very briefly and satisfactorily. No; it will not be credited; and it will not be credited because Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, with an ingenuousness which does him honour, proceeds to show that it is utterly false. For he quotes MILL's own words as applying to "exclusive taxation on realized property not forming part of capital

"engaged in business, as land, the funds, mortgages, &c." Here the sole difference between Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and his calumniator is that the latter has inserted the words "or differentiated"—unwisely no doubt. But this in no way affects MILL's protest or its application. For no one can have read the celebrated "ransom" speeches without seeing that what Mr. CHAMBERLAIN proposed was that the rich should be taxed to relieve the poor, and expressly that the indirect taxation which now alone touches the poor should be remitted. If this is not differentiated taxation, we do not know what is; and if it is not also exclusive taxation, the only taxes touching the poor being apparently to be remitted, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN must have been playing with his Ipswich and Birmingham hearers. Either he was holding out to them an illusory boon, or he was holding out to them the boon which MILL reprobated. Further, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN expressly says that MILL argues "moderately, but with some power," against a graduated Income-tax. This is a score or so of lines below the place where he has pronounced the *Times*' statement that MILL "emphatically censured" graduated taxation to be entirely inaccurate. For the third statement, touching Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's recommendation that "exclusive burdens" should be thrown on land or public securities," it does not appear that it was ever directly made in the *Times*. It is, according to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, "entirely inaccurate." So much the better; but, if so, will Mr. CHAMBERLAIN tell us what he did propose when he gave that famous list of things to be done out of the ransom of the rich? And, if he says that he did not mean landholders or stockholders to pay the whole taxation of the country, how will that help him against MILL's express condemnation of "confiscation of a percentage of the property of the owners" and of "a laxity of national integrity equal to repudiation"? Whether the ransom is to let every one else go literally scot free, or only the lower classes, does that affect the principle? Mr. CHAMBERLAIN will have to try some other and better logic than is shown in the denial that MILL emphatically disapproved of that against which he affirms that MILL moderately but somewhat powerfully argued. As for the other matter, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and his defenders apparently contend that exclusive ransom would be immoral, but not ransom that is not exclusive. So long as you leave any other class to pay, say one per cent., you may without confiscation tax the possessors of property ninety-nine per cent. It is the last straw that breaks the camel's back of morality and logic.

So much for Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's arguments, which, as will have been seen, involve one contradiction in all but terms and half a dozen paralogsims. We say paralogism instead of fallacy, intending to give Mr. CHAMBERLAIN the benefit of the doubt. Unkinder critics might suspect him of a deliberate purpose to smuggle off his "ransom" project under the milder form of a graduated Income-tax. There remains the interesting question of what Mr. CHAMBERLAIN meant. At present his letter, though throwing a flood of light on his logic, envelops his intentions in Cimmerian obscurity. What was the meaning of that elaborate scheme for free education, fixed wages, cheap houses, free tobacco for the poor man; remission of Income-tax for the professional man, fair rents for the farmer, and what not, all out of "ransom," if it did not mean what MILL calls a confiscation for public uses of a percentage of property? Was the money to be available for putting into the one set of pockets without coming out of the other set of pockets? Was the word ransom or insurance, or whatever Mr. CHAMBERLAIN prefers, merely a little joke? If so, it is only necessary to hand Mr. CHAMBERLAIN over to the tender mercies of his friends the proletarians themselves. They and their champions did not understand him as talking so platonically; they thought that he made a proposal to which MILL's words would have been extremely relevant—a proposal, indeed, which only a very kind critic can regard as differing from the proposal under MILL's consideration in degree, while an impartial critic will probably pronounce the two absolutely identical except in name. Now they and we and all men are left in complete darkness as to what Mr. CHAMBERLAIN did mean. He meant, it seems, something to which a denunciation of confiscation would be "absolutely irrelevant"; and yet he meant a "ransom," and a ransom round enough to stand half-a-dozen heavy and persistent drains on it. Whether MILL was or was not consistent in arguing for limitations of bequest, increase of succession duty, &c., when he had denounced graduated taxation so manfully, may be a question very important to MILL's reputation for consistency. But, how-

ever it is answered, the answer can do no harm to the *Times* and no good to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. It is sufficient that MILL did denounce a programme differing, if it differed at all, from Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's by the word exclusive. But to most people this semi-personal and merely academic question is of much less importance than the fact that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has been so frightened by MILL, or the *Times*, or something, that he protests he never meant what every man in the kingdom who read his words supposed, and justly supposed, him to mean. Many constructions may be put on this curious epistle, but one can hardly be wrong—that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is rather afraid of the stir which his plan, whatever it was, has made, and more than rather ashamed of the appearance which the plan has worn. That, at any rate, is a salutary symptom; Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in the colour of virtue may be greeted with much satisfaction.

THE FUTILITY OF REVOLVERS.

"NURSE," said a penitent Western miner as he lay in hospital after an accident, "I'll never draw a revolver on a man again as long as I live." The nurse (whose name was not YSEULT) expressed her pleasure in this moral resolution, when the patient went on to say, "Guess I'll go for the galoot with a two-scatter shoot-gun." It was the means, not the end, of which this person was repenting. People about to assassinate anybody will do well to reflect on these sentiments before they find themselves in prison or in hospital. It is pitiful to think of the careless and unsportsmanlike manner in which assassinations are now too frequently attempted. This doubtless comes partly from the enthusiasm of amateurs, especially of ladies. Carried away by the reflection that they can easily advertise themselves all over the newspaper-reading world, they throw themselves with a light heart into enterprises beyond what some theatrical critics call "their means."

If we wish to shoot any one because we think poorly of his political principles, his taste in dress, or the like, it is certain that a "two-scatter shoot-gun," at close quarters, "aimed low" (like CONSIDINE's cut-glass decanter), is much more to be relied on than a revolver. A dagger, too, in a bold, determined hand, possesses many advantages. But it has been demonstrated, in the case and on the *corpus vile* of Captain PHELAN, that a dagger is not infallible. Besides, a young and beautiful woman, whose girlish modesty has hitherto kept her from attempting a murder, will almost certainly make a fiasco with a dagger. The case of Mlle. CORDAY has, indeed, been quoted by several hundreds of journalists to prove the reverse; but Mlle. CORDAY was an unusually strong-minded woman, and her opportunity was of a sort not likely to occur again, especially in the case of an Irish gentleman. MARAT was in his tub. Again, a young girl would certainly attract attention if she walked down Broadway with a double-barrelled fowling-piece on her shoulder. She would look less like "an intellectual school marm" than an avenging angel or a deserter from Colney Hatch. A hammer and a nail, also a millstone, have been used with effect by heroines in the remote past, but the opportunities for employing such direct and unaffected methods now very rarely occur. The young girl, rejecting the idea of an explosive cigar (which we are far, however, from condemning), naturally falls back upon a revolver. It is here that her inexperience and retiring character are apt to prove destructive to her hopes. How ladies regard horses we know very well. "My hey, 'e's an 'orse, and 'e must go," says a lady, according to the groom in LEECH's sketch. "Dear me, this is a revolver, and it must go off," says the modern young girl when she dreams her maiden dreams of assassination. Now there are (and this is the weak point in the young girl's reasoning)—there are revolvers and revolvers. In the works of writers who imitate OUIDA, the revolver is always a dainty toy, with an ivory handle and blue-steel barrels, set, too, if necessary, with priceless opals and star sapphires. Such weapons (though painfully ineffectual) haunt the imagination of the amateur assassin, but she (or he) can rarely afford to purchase these military luxuries. Accordingly she or he buys a miserable, futile, dangerous toy, a cheap revolver "about the size of a perfume-bottle," as one of the New York papers declares. These wretched little make-believes carry a bullet about the size of a pea, and inflict a wound which would be despised by the domestic cat. These little weapons should really be prohibited by law. They are sure to get "jammed," the cartridges stick, the

cylinder refuses to revolve, and they are only dangerous when they go off by accident. Then they are not only dangerous, but generally fatal. Now the very purpose of a revolver, when used in legitimate warfare, is to stop the rush of an enemy at close quarters. To do this, a sturdy weapon is required carrying a heavy and perhaps round-headed bullet. Suppose a Soudanese Arab with his big shovel-like spear makes a rush at an officer, you might empty a handful of pea-bullets into him without producing the faintest effect. He would not fall down in the dust and bellow for mercy, like the chicken-hearted JEREMIAH DONOVAN. But a heavy pistol-bullet may "prevail on him to stop." If ever the Irish so far alter our institutions as to beget the private wars which prevail in France, they will be met by men who do not carry toy revolvers. Already an "English pupil" is said to have assaulted "Professor MEZZEROFF" and beaten him into a mummy with his fists. These primitive but not ineffective weapons, reinforced perhaps by a horsewhip, are not unlikely to be at the service of too noisy Hibernian patriots.

THE MODEST SHIPOWNER.

THERE was a meeting at LLOYD'S on Wednesday which deserved to receive some attention. The representatives of London, Liverpool, and Glasgow underwriters were asked to consider certain proposals made by shipowners, and to give their votes as to accepting or rejecting them. The result of the meeting was satisfactory. The shipowners made a most unwise request, and it was refused with moderation, but with firmness, and on solid grounds. What they asked was practically that the underwriters should join them in a scheme to evade recent legal decisions, and to forestall the possible recommendations of a Royal Commission. It has lately been shown that shipowners are not able to contract themselves out of all liability as carriers. Legal authorities have declared that the clause exempting shipowners from liability to merchants for all "dangers and accidents of the seas, rivers, and navigation of whatever nature and kind soever," does not apply to acts of negligence or misconduct on the part of their captains and crews. The owners think this hard, and have accordingly asked the underwriters to agree to a new form of bill of lading, to be known as LLOYD'S, by which they will secure the needed protection. To this modest request the underwriters have said "No" most politely. They accepted a resolution containing the platonic acknowledgment that, if the owners are overweighted, they ought to be relieved; then they wisely added that the relief from a legal obligation should be given by the Legislature, the only competent authority. That is as much of their resolution as has any general interest. The rest referred to the risks of merchants and insurers, and was rather of the nature of a critical observation on what would be the effect of the bill of lading if it were accepted. The meeting also rejected a clause which, by a little perversion of ingenuity, might be made to imply a reflection on the shipowners—a very prudent step, considering the liveliness of the shipowners' self-respect.

The action of the underwriters was no doubt inspired by a regard for their own interests, but it is none the less for the general good. Nothing, in fact, could be more imprudent, not to say audacious, than this attempt of the shipowners to limit their responsibility by private arrangement, and over the head of the law, at a time when there is a marked feeling in favour of increasing it, and when a Royal Commission appointed at their own request is about to sit to inquire into the whole shipping question. It is manifest that the greater or less stringency of bills of lading touches the important question of the preservation of life at sea, and yet the shipowners ask to have it settled, as if nobody was concerned but themselves and the underwriters. Their arguments, as advanced by Mr. NORWOOD, M.P., are deserving of respectful admiration, if only for their charming naïveté. He rejected the idea that shipowners needed to be controlled by law on the ground that they have, not only a legal, but "a moral, duty" to keep their ships seaworthy, and are far too high-minded to neglect it. Further, he maintained that the employer ought not to be held responsible for the acts of his servants at sea, because all masters, mates, and engineers must have a Board of Trade certificate. The general application of his first argument would lead Mr. NORWOOD to curious results. He is, we have no doubt, a most humane man, and never felt the slightest inclination to amuse his leisure by skinning a cat or roasting it to death before the

dining-room fire. It is on evidence, however, that brutes have been known to do such things, and accordingly laws for preventing cruelty to animals have been passed. Does Mr. NORWOOD think himself insulted in his character as a kind owner of horse, dog, or cat, by these laws? There are heartless and shameless speculators among shipowners, and stricter regulations are needed to keep them in order. The pretension to an unbroken level of high moral feeling advanced on behalf of the whole body would be ridiculous if it was not showing a tendency to become insolent. As for the plea that the Board of Trade certificate covers the responsibility of the shipowner, it can only pass current among people who are singularly tolerant of confusion in the use of terms. The Board of Trade can only certify that a man has passed certain examinations, and has served a certain length of time at sea. It cannot, and does not, pretend to guarantee the possession by any master or mate of the qualities of character which make an efficient commander. The shipowner must see that he selects men who have given proof of their fitness by their previous services. If he makes a gross mistake in his choice, it is absurd to pretend that others must bear the whole brunt of the probable bad consequences. Owners of ships can at least take good care not to choose officers who hurt their pecuniary interests.

It is not at all surprising to find speakers at this meeting giving three years as the possible length of the Royal Commission's labours. We dare say they are right, and if they added that nothing will come of the inquiry after all, they would find few experienced persons to discredit the prophecy. These are two good reasons why the Commission should never have been appointed. It has, however, been appointed, and is about to begin its work. The appointment was wholly due to the action of the shipowners themselves, and it is a little too much that they should come forward now and attempt to settle an important shipping question in their own interest, and should give the inadequacy of the machinery created at their request as an excuse. They have failed for the present, and would do well not to allow that confidence inspired by their well-won victory over Mr. CHAMBERLAIN to lead them into making any further attempts of the kind. If anything could convert decent people to a partial approval of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S language, it would be just this attempt of a trade to make itself king in its own Israel.

WILD EXAMINERS.

AMONG other maladies most incident to examiners is the habit of setting questions partly to show off their own knowledge, partly to have an opportunity of dwelling on their own favourite topics. These *idola specus* do double damage to education. First the examinee studies his examiner rather than the subject. If the tormentor has written a book, or magazine articles, or is known to have a learned crotchet or theory, the victim makes it his own object to master the theory or the crotchet. Meantime, of course, the examinee is overlooking the really weighty matters of general knowledge connected with his theme. This habit tends, of course, to a system of one-sided "cramming" on the part of tutors, and they, too, study the examiner rather than the matter in which he examines. When all is done, the student knows no more than he did before; he has only acquired the trick and mystery of answers *ad hominem*, on some topic about which, perhaps, there is no real knowledge, nothing but more or less plausible and interesting conjecture.

Examples of this mischievous kind of examination appear to have been common in the matriculation papers at the University of London. At a meeting of Convocation Mr. AVELING moved that definite periods of Greek and Roman history should be set, "to be varied with each subject set for translation," and that the questions in classical history and geography "should be strictly confined to these periods, and not be taken, as at present in the Greek paper, from any subjects which have a connexion, however remote, with the author or the book." Surely these are very sensible recommendations. Men of twenty-two or so may be examined in a far wider field (though, at Oxford at least, the width of the field encouraged "eminent young Sciolists"), but boys should be expected to learn little, and that thoroughly well. In examining a boy of sixteen for matriculation it is not necessary to ascertain whether he is well read in modern magazine articles. What is wanted is proof

that he has mastered the text of his author, and also knows what (within the limits of the books set) his author has to say. Vague speculations, distantly connected with the author and topic, should not be made themes of rudimentary examinations. Mr. AVELING gave some ludicrous examples from papers lately set for matriculation:—"In regard to HOMER, a boy would require to be stored with "Mr. PALEY, Mr. GLADSTONE, and Dr. SCHLIEMANN, and "everything that had been written about HOMER." Certainly what Mr. PALEY, Mr. GLADSTONE, and Dr. SCHLIEMANN have written about HOMER is the last thing a boy should be troubled with. When he becomes a man Mr. PALEY's vague and, to our mind, hopelessly ill-reasoned notions concerning HOMER's date will probably be as extinct as the Arkite ideas of BRYANT. In knowledge of the text and appreciation of the beauty of HOMER, Mr. GLADSTONE is probably unsurpassed; but his views about a Homeric Trinity, about King ECHETUS, about the Hittites, about LAUTH's Egyptological mare's-nests, are the very things that boys ought to be encouraged to ignore. If they believed in such imaginings, they would go far astray; if they saw through them, why they might come to draw unfavourable inferences as to Mr. GLADSTONE's soundness in matters political. As to Dr. SCHLIEMANN, he is the first of classical excavators, but we have frequently had to point out the wild and varying errors into which he is led by enthusiasm and want of a sound archaeological education. In his recent school edition of the *Iliad*, the Provost of Oriel, Mr. MONRO, the first of English Homeric scholars, sets the good example of ignoring much that candidates for Matriculation at London University are expected to know. Here are a few of the questions:—"How far is the geography of the wanderings of ODYSSEUS "imaginary?" Why, it is *all* imaginary, between the time when ODYSSEUS is driven ten days' sail from Malea and the time when he is landed in the grotto of the Nereids. But probably a boy would be plucked who said that, and he would be expected to prose about Sicily and Libya, and King ECHETUS, and his Egyptian parallel. Even more absurd is this:—"Illustrate HOMER's account of the civilization "of the Phæacians from the facts now ascertained with "regard to prehistoric Greek culture." Now is it rational to expect a boy to have a serious, well-founded opinion on all the theories of the Mycenaean graves, which, we presume, are indicated in this question? Once more:—"What are the chief views which have been put forward as "to the site of Troy?" Here we are deep in Bunarbashi, Hissarlik, CHEVALIER, SCHLIEMANN, SAYCE, CALVERT, the innumerable and ever-shifting "burnt cities," the strifes of Professors JEBB and MAHAFFY, HELLANICUS, XERXES, ALEXANDER the Great, STRABO, and all the rest of it. We may next expect to read—"Describe LAUTH's views of "PROTEUS. How far are they confirmed or refuted by the "evidence of (1) HERODOTUS, (2) the Monuments, (3) Comparative Mythology?" Or, next year, lads may be invited to decide whether the Ceteians are really the Hittites, and to compare the notions of Mr. SAYCE, Dr. WRIGHT, Mr. GLADSTONE, M. LENORMANT, and Mr. R. BROWN, Junior. Surely this is a perilous way in examinations.

THE BOUSFIELD WILL CASE.

THE controversy raised over Mrs. BOUSFIELD's will, though it occupied Mr. Justice BUTT and a special jury for several days, is not intrinsically edifying. It simply illustrated once more the truth of Mr. MILL's remark that there is often something both ludicrous and frightful in the kind of evidence by which it is sought to prove people incapable of devising their property or managing their affairs. Any idle gossip, any real or supposed prejudices on the part of the testator, whatever solicitors' clerks can pick up from discharged servants, is all dragged into court on such occasions. The testamentary capacity of an old gentleman was assailed not very many years ago because he had a strong, and no doubt most illiberal, objection to Jews, and because he was in the habit of using coarse language about people who did not agree with him. However, in the case of STEBLE v. BARRATT, to which we are now referring, the jury found for the plaintiff, the Judge pronounced for the will, and the costs of the defendant were not allowed out of the estate. Therefore, no particular harm was done to anybody, and the lawyers had their fling. Most trials have their light side, and the comic element in this instance was obligingly furnished by no less a personage than Sir SEYMOUR FITZGERALD. Sir SEYMOUR

FITZGERALD, who is the Chief Commissioner of Charities for this country, and was once Governor of Bombay, was the principal "independent witness" of whom the defendant could boast. It was, as Sir HARDINGE GIFFARD was never tired of explaining, all the same to Sir SEYMOUR. He could not possibly take under the will. If it was upheld, he was not a legatee. If it was upset, he was not among the next of kin. Why, then, should he desire to deceive any one? The question would have been difficult to answer, if there had been any necessity for answering it at all. Sir SEYMOUR FITZGERALD gave his testimony with such palpable and engaging candour that it would be the mere wantonness of scepticism to doubt any portion of it. But, even although Mrs. BOUSFIELD died possessed of more than eighty thousand pounds—a fact which accounts for almost any sort of litigation—the closest examination fails to disclose what, except on one hypothesis, Sir SEYMOUR FITZGERALD could have been wanted to prove. That hypothesis is, that if a lady has promised to marry a gentleman, she is bound to put him into her last will and testament, on pain of knowing that it will be set aside as not made with a "sound disposing mind." Colonel STEBLE, indeed, allowed in the witness-box that Mrs. BOUSFIELD had declared she could not marry Sir SEYMOUR because, though a perfect gentleman, he was not attractive to her. But Colonel STEBLE was an interested party; and Sir SEYMOUR himself is perfectly confident that only death deprived him of certain bliss.

The pen of CHARLES LEVER alone could do justice to Sir SEYMOUR FITZGERALD's own account of his sentiment, chivalry, and devotion. The dullness of legal tribunals is seldom relieved by anything more genuinely and innocuously droll. It was all love with Sir SEYMOUR. Mrs. BOUSFIELD's fortune was, no doubt, very large. But that was a consideration which did not enter into Sir SEYMOUR FITZGERALD's plans. He was carried away by the warmth of his feelings. Asked when he first fell in love with the lady, he replied, with a delicious mixture of frankness and diplomacy, "Well, in youth one falls in love suddenly; but "that is not so at my age, when it grows and grows, till "you find yourself there without knowing it." "Begorra, "ye're in it," said the Irish carman when the English traveller asked how far they were from a hole of which he had been warned. Sir SEYMOUR, however, comported himself with fearless good humour. Attempts at discouragement he persisted in treating as grounds for renewed hope; and so, as he says, he ultimately succeeded, though, as with the Captain in *Tom Jones*, death stepped in between assurance and fruition. On no point was Sir SEYMOUR FITZGERALD more open than on the pecuniary side of the question. Mrs. BOUSFIELD, he admitted, told him all about her credit with her bankers. Why should he have troubled a lady by obtruding the state of his own finances upon her? What could be less suitable to such a period than dry details about promissory notes, writs, judgments, and tailors' bills? Sir SEYMOUR FITZGERALD had not lived sixty-seven years in the world without discovering that there is a time to speak and a time to be silent. It is a melancholy example of the old adage about the cup and the lip.

CRIMINAL LUNATICS.

THE proceedings before Baron HUDDLESTON in reference to the case of FREDERICK MARSHALL would be amusing enough, if the subject of them were not so serious. FREDERICK MARSHALL, it may be as well to remind our readers, is a person accused of murder. The charge against him is that he stabbed, with fatal results, a girl whom he wanted to marry, but whom he was not allowed by her father to visit. He has been committed for trial by a magistrate, the Grand Jury have found a true bill against him, and he would, in ordinary circumstances, have been tried at the February Sessions of the Central Criminal Court. As a matter of fact, he has been removed, by authority of the HOME SECRETARY, to Broadmoor Lunatic Asylum, where he is not unlikely to spend the remainder of his existence. This is a strange power to be placed in the hands of a single man, and it might be thought to savour of hoar antiquity. It rests, however, upon no musty parchment, but upon a statute passed in the very last Session of Parliament—that is to say, in 1884. The Secretary of State's jurisdiction is not, indeed, new, and the statute is one of those puzzling products of modern legislation known as a consolidating and amending Act. But it must be taken to express the latest wisdom of both

Houses, and a very strange testimony to OXENSTIERN'S famous maxim it is. The second section provides that "Where a prisoner is certified . . . to be insane, a Secretary of State may, if he thinks fit, by warrant direct such prisoner to be removed to the asylum named in the warrant," and the prisoner shall be detained in that or some other asylum "as a criminal lunatic, until he ceases to be a criminal lunatic." The certificate of insanity may be signed by any two medical practitioners who are called in by two members of the Visiting Committee. In this case the medical men were Dr. ORANGE, of Broadmoor, and Dr. GOVER; but they might, of course, be much less eminent and trustworthy physicians. By the third section of the Act, MARSHALL must be detained at Broadmoor, or some other criminal lunatic asylum, until, in the opinion of two doctors, he recovers his reason, when he may, though he need not, be remitted to prison by order of the Secretary of State, to await his trial for the offence imputed to him. The superintendent of the asylum must report upon him at least once a year, and the Secretary of State must take his case into consideration at least once in every three years. He may also at any time be discharged by command of the same functionary.

We cannot wonder that Baron HUDDLESTON protested against the exercise of this remarkable power. The way in which he tried to get round it was ingenious and plausible, although, as Baron HUDDLESTON did not persist in pursuing it, we must assume it to be impracticable. The Act gives the right of removing a prisoner awaiting trial to a Secretary of State only. But the fifteenth section provides that the warrant may be under the hand of an Under-Secretary. The warrant for removing FREDERICK MARSHALL was signed "GODFREY LUSHINGTON." The only officials of the Home Department called Under-Secretaries are Sir ADOLPHUS LIDDELL and Mr. FOWLER. Mr. GODFREY LUSHINGTON is described as "Assistant Under-Secretary." However, Mr. POLAND said it was all right, and Baron HUDDLESTON acquiesced; and so we must suppose that the law has been obeyed. It is surely a very strange law. MARSHALL may, for aught we know, be the most obviously insane lunatic in HER MAJESTY'S dominions. But in what sense is he a criminal? No doubt there are pedants ready to remind us that *crimen* means an accusation, just as they contribute to the law of libel the interesting fact that *libellus* means a little book. "Qui heret in litera, heret in cortice." In ordinary English MARSHALL cannot be called a criminal, for he has never been convicted of crime. He may, of course, be a murderer. But to describe him as such, in the absence of any final verdict to that effect, would be distinctly libellous. We are not expressing an opinion on the evidence given before the magistrate or before the Coroner. It may have been overwhelmingly strong. But, if it had been ludicrously weak, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT might have taken just the same course. He might even have directed the warrant to be issued before MARSHALL had been committed. We are, of course, entitled to assume the possibility that this man would have been acquitted at the trial. If he had not been acquitted, it might have been found that he was insane at the time when he took the poor girl's life. That would have been perfectly satisfactory. The evidence would have been given in open court, subject to cross-examination, comment, and criticism. As it is, a man who may be perfectly innocent is sent to herd for an indefinite time with persons most of whom have been proved guilty of atrocious crimes. MARSHALL, it appears, has attempted to commit suicide. So did an unfortunate wretch who perpetrated the other day a crime very similar to that alleged against MARSHALL, and who only recovered to be hanged. It seems to us that the law of criminal lunacy is even less satisfactory than the lunacy laws in general.

O'DONOVAN ROSSA.

A CONCURRENCE of evidence from many quarters goes to show that LUCILLA DUDLEY is not of sound mind; but on the part of the public, both here and in America, there has been a considerable and very natural reluctance to be convinced of the fact. It may be wrong—we will even hazard the unpopular statement that it is wrong—to shoot O'DONOVAN ROSSA "on sight"; but the attempt is certainly very far from being in itself *prima facie* evidence of insanity. There is so much in that person's character and conduct to excite uncontrollable indignation even among cool-headed people, that only a little more than the average of feminine excitability need be assumed, it

seemed to most of us, in order to account for the stimulation of such anger to the homicidal pitch. It has turned out, however, that the feminine excitability to which O'DONOVAN ROSSA is indebted for the attack upon his life is of an abnormal character. His assailant is doubtfully sane of mind, and certainly unsound of nerves; and it seems even questionable whether her desire to slay the patron of dynamite was due to disinterested horror of his wickedness, or merely to the well-known longing of the hysterical to make themselves historical. When public opinion on the subject clears up in America, LUCILLA DUDLEY will probably not be canonized as a CHARLOTTE CORDAY; she will be tried in the ordinary way, and will most likely be acquitted or let off with a nominal penalty on the ground of mental derangement.

Meanwhile, however, the feeling excited in America by the incident is suggestive of one or two observations which, obvious as they are, do not appear to have yet been made upon it. The significance, indeed, of the American attitude of mind with regard to O'DONOVAN ROSSA and his assailant seems to have been entirely missed in this country. English opinion, although on the whole in sympathy with that of the United States on the subject, has been somewhat scandalized by the unqualified condonation, if not approval, which has been accorded on the other side of the Atlantic to Miss DUDLEY's act. It is an ominous sight, we have been gravely told, to see a whole nation applauding an act of private vengeance. Civilized communities ought to feel the offence against law too keenly for it to be thus entirely submerged beneath a flood of personal sympathies and antipathies. All which of course is very pretty from an abstract point of view; but it has as little as may be to do either with the actual situation before us, or with the broad conditions of American society in general. So far from regretting that the Americans have not assumed the highly "proper" attitude thus recommended to them, we should have been ourselves disposed to regard the assumption by them of such an attitude as impertinent in both senses of the word. To have given themselves airs of offended dignity at an act of "private vengeance" being wreaked upon O'DONOVAN ROSSA would have been, under the circumstances, ridiculous. Where, we would ask, is the public vengeance which can reach him? Between what "law" and him did LUCILLA DUDLEY interpose? Where, pray, is the sword of justice which she anticipated with her revolver? Such a comparison as has been drawn in some quarters between her case and that of Mme. HUGUES is entirely an erroneous one. The very weakness of the Frenchwoman's case was that the tribunals were already seized of her complaint and were proceeding, whether expeditiously or not, to do her right. The strength, such as it is, of the Englishwoman's case is that, though O'DONOVAN ROSSA and his kind are regarded in England and America, and by the civilized world in general, as, morally speaking, among the worst of criminals, there is either no law in the United States to reach him, or no willingness on the part of the United States Government to put it in force. It matters not whether this consideration was or was not present in its full force to the disbalanced mind of this particular woman. It affects the character of the act, whether it affects the motives of the agent or not; and no doubt it is because the Americans are themselves alive to it—it is because they are themselves sensible of the gross scandal created by O'DONOVAN ROSSA's proceedings among them, and the impotence of their law to punish him or the inertness of their Executive to enforce it—that they have witnessed the intervention of the private avenger with a tolerance not very far removed from approval. We must remember, moreover, that they are far more accustomed than we are to seeing the citizen jog the arm of Justice in a somewhat similar fashion. The crowd of enthusiasts—among whom we dare say were included members of some of the "first families" of Anderton, Iowa—who broke into the gaol of that city the other day, and so successfully lynched Mr. CICERO JELLERSON, therein detained under a charge of parricide, were only doing on a larger scale and in a more effective fashion what LUCILLA DUDLEY attempted to do in her own smaller and less satisfactory way. Both acts may be regarded as protests against the defects of American criminal law. And since Americans have taken our countrywoman's protest in such excellent part, we may hope that they will bestir themselves to render similar remonstrances unnecessary in future.

THE PSEUDO-GEORGE ELIOT.

THE publication of Mr. Cross's *Life of GEORGE ELIOT* has been the means of throwing light upon one of the most curious passages in the history of modern literature. Some of these illuminating rays have been thrown by the book itself; but others, and those of a more penetrating character, have been turned on by private correspondents within the last day or two. The world now knows all about JOSEPH LIGGINS, for a few brief hours author of *Adam Bede* and the *Scenes of Clerical Life*. He was not, as the legend has hitherto run, a "Staffordshire gentleman"; on the contrary, he was the son of a Warwickshire baker—a resident at Nuneaton, or in its adjacent hamlet of Attleborough; and it was there that he was residing when greatness was—with some little assistance from himself, but no more, perhaps, than weak human nature might well feel bound to contribute—thrust upon him. JOSEPH, it seems, had been a promising boy, and by the assistance, it is believed, of some of his father's friends had been sent to one of the Universities—whether Oxford or Cambridge appears unfortunately to be uncertain. The promise of JOSEPH, however, did not ripen into performance. Nothing came of his academical training except debt, loafing, and ultimately "entire hopelessness," and he returned degree-less to Nuneaton, in the position, apparently, of one of those unlucky animals whom racing critics describe as colts who have hitherto "disappointed their backers," but are still expected in some quarters to "do a great thing." At last JOSEPH LIGGINS's day arrived; the opportunity of doing a great thing—or, at least, of saying that he had done it—appeared suddenly before him in the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine*. The *Scenes of Clerical Life* were coming out in that periodical; and so accurate was the knowledge displayed in them of Nuneaton and its people that the husband of the original of "Mrs. BOND" declared (this is exquisite) that "he was confident that 'Amos Barton' was written 'either by JOE LIGGINS or MARIAN EVANS'; for, said he, 'no one else in the neighbourhood could have told the story 'so truthfully and well.' And now, of course, it was again to be proved that *les absents ont toujours tort*. MARIAN EVANS was not at hand; JOE LIGGINS was. The authorship of the *Scenes* was pressed upon JOE, and JOE blushing accepted it. And, just as the legend of Miss LETITIA PIPER grew till the gossips could actually name "the farmhouse 'where the child was put out to nurse,'" so were there those who could aver that the *Scenes* must have been written by LIGGINS, inasmuch as they had seen proof-slips of them in his possession. Solid pudding in the form of "a few 'dinners and suppers (much needed)'" accrued to the reputed author, in addition to the empty praise of local critics; and when *Adam Bede* appeared he doubtless looked forward to even more substantial gains. On the day when that novel was issued in London an eager devotee of neglected genius secured a copy and hastened with it to LIGGINS's "wretched cottage." There, in a room more filthy than any that its visitor has ever seen before or since, he found the immortal one, and being, as he says, and as we can well believe, "a very young man" at the time, he was too sympathetic to ask himself how such extreme poverty was consistent with even the beginnings of literary success. He presented LIGGINS with some "contributions from his Nuneaton admirers," and LIGGINS in return was good enough to inform him that *Adam Bede* was "finished too abruptly," and that "this" (holding up several pages of written matter which the confiding "E. W. B." did not think it necessary to inspect) "was 'the finish he had intended.'"

Into the sad story of LIGGINS's exposure and fall from his high estate we need not enter. That has for many years been public property; and at the time of the impostor's death—which occurred, alas! in the Union—the story of his fraud was rehearsed, though with less, we believe, of biographical detail, in the local prints. But no one has drawn the moral of the incident, which clearly is that—if it be worth a man's while to hand his name down to posterity—wickedness is in this instance assured of its own reward. Never since HEROSTRATUS breathed his last in a workhouse at Ephesus has any man appeared in the world whose irregular method of perpetuating his memory has so thoroughly succeeded as that of JOSEPH LIGGINS. Historians have joined in condemning the insane crime of the Ephesian incendiary; but in the very act of denouncing him they preserve his name. And so it has been, and so it will be, with JOSEPH LIGGINS. It is not our

intention to hazard the same sort of comparison between *Adam Bede* and the Temple of DIANA as GIBBON did between the palace of the Escorial and that exquisite picture of human manners, the romance of *Tom Jones*. But the case may at any rate be put hypothetically, and we may say that, if GEORGE ELIOT is immortal, so is JOSEPH LIGGINS. They will go down to posterity, not exactly hand in hand—for that is not the most convenient attitude for picking a pocket—but side by side; and wherever her name is mentioned with honour, his will—not, indeed, with honour; but that is a detail—be mentioned too.

THE CAMORRA IN KID GLOVES.

WE have seen that the organization of the popular army of the Camorra is known to the authorities, and that even an independent student of Neapolitan life may gain a certain insight into it, after reading what has been published on the subject, he is content to watch and wait to compare the hints he receives with the information that has already been made public, and to exercise a due amount of criticism on the history of the present as well as that of the past. The question now arises, Why is not the association repressed? Its name is a byword. To call a man a Camorrist is an insult almost as offensive as to curse his great-grandmother or reflect on the private character of his grand-aunts. Every Capo paranze is known to the police of the district, which he rules with far greater ease, quiet, and thoroughness than they even hope to attain. Why do they not arrest him, when the exceptional legislation passed long years ago enables them to do so? If you ask an educated Neapolitan the question, you will be told that the poorer classes are afraid to give evidence. The truth is that large numbers of the lazzaroni sympathize with the Camorra, and prefer its jurisdiction to that of the courts of law. But this need not check the police. Since the exceptional laws against the society have been passed no public evidence is required, and a simple denunciation, if it satisfies the judge, is sufficient to consign a suspected Camorrist to *domicilio coatto*—that is, to exile from the city under police supervision. To be exact, three denunciations are necessary, but they may be made by the same person, and all the proofs, even the very name of the informant, are supposed to be kept secret. There can be no doubt that if any considerable proportion of the Capi were banished the association would be crippled, and that this would be done if the "Camorrist in kid gloves" did not exist.

Who are they? This is a question that no one can answer, as those who know the truth are bound not only by the strictest pledges but by the strongest motives of self-interest not to tell it. If you question them about it, they will say it is absurd to suppose there is any permanent connexion between the Camorra and the higher classes. There may be a great man whom the association occasionally requests to do it a favour, and who in his turn may request a favour of it; but that is only a temporary bargain. One must not trust the common talk of the town. There is, in fact, no Camorra in kid gloves.

The very persistency with which this explanation is given by those who are generally reputed to know most of the matter suggests a suspicion which even a superficial knowledge of the local history of Naples confirms. We do not know whether the Camorrist pretend, as some Freemasons once did, that their society was consulted as to the architecture of the Tower of Babel; and we have neither time nor inclination to inquire whether the prehistoric man was a Camorrist, which, as he was, according to the authorities, a social animal, is not improbable. We confine ourselves strictly to the most modern period. It is certain that the association existed in 1815. Since then, until very recently, it has never adopted any political creed, except for a time and for its own purposes; and yet it has issued from every crisis and revolution with greater vigour and influence than it entered it. It has been entrusted with the whole police administration of the city, and life and property were never so secure in Naples as they were under its rule. Even an outsider can see that it has been governed for the last seventy years with a wisdom, skill, and moderation that the statesmen of great countries might envy. Is it conceivable that these qualities should have been displayed by a band of criminals chosen and trained as the Capi are? In Naples no one believes it, though every one is ready to assert it on occasion. In fact, the true leaders of the Camorra are universally known in the city, though their names are only whispered with bated breath. They are men in the highest position, and in some cases of a well-earned reputation that is not only Italian but European.

It would be the grossest injustice to suspect them of complicity with or even direct cognizance of the acts of tyranny their subordinates occasionally commit. Nothing, we repeat, is known of the organization of the higher ranks of the Camorra except to its own members; the complete system is probably a secret to all but a very few even of them. Thus much, however, is certain, that in the lower grades no one knows any power superior to that of his immediate chief. Through him come the commands which he has to obey without asking in whom they originate. By this means the danger of betrayal is reduced and the authority of each agent enhanced. His very whims and caprices seem to be sup-

ported by the whole power of the invisible body which he represents, and he thus gains the lawless influence which he willingly purchases by absolute submission. To him those immediately below him have to complain, and from him they expect a redress of the grievances which an unkind world occasionally inflicts. It is probable that a similar system prevails in the higher ranks of the association, and that while every one who belongs to them can rely upon his interests, and even his passions, being supported by the whole force of the classes that rank below him, the number of those who have not to obey as well as to command is exceedingly small.

But how is the intercourse between the Camorra with long knives and the Camorra in kid gloves carried on? The Capi paranze are rarely presentable in polite society, and even their private visits might compromise the position of a Neapolitan nobleman if they became frequent enough to excite remark; yet some means of regular communication must exist. What they are has never been disclosed, nor is there any absolutely trustworthy information about them. What follows on the subject is little more than guesswork, and it must be taken only for what it is worth.

Among the known officials of the Camorra there is one who has not yet been mentioned, the *Contarulo*. His duties are various, and every Camorrist has free access to him. He manages the financial affairs of the association, and any of its members who sees himself in danger of the law usually deposits his money and valuables with the *Contarulo* before the trial. If the crime has been committed at the instigation of the Camorra, the *Contarulo* pays the wife of the convict a small but regular dole, or if the term of imprisonment be long, he sets her up in business or endeavours to find some suitable employment for her. At any rate, he sees that a strict watch is kept over her conduct, and he finds means of duly reporting upon it and other family matters to the husband. He is a far more mysterious person than the other Camorrist of the lower grades; it may be questioned whether he is always known even to the police. The Capi are proud of their profession, and take care to let their rank be known to their associates, though, of course, in such a way as to elude denunciation. The *Contarulo* is anxious to avoid observation, and generally has ostensible means of livelihood besides his office. His manners are studiously quiet, and he rarely, if ever, indulges in violent words and gestures. Yet he is not greatly loved by the other Camorrist. They are inclined to feel a certain scorn of a man whose education has been so different from their own. He has never been a *Giovine onorato* or a *Picciotto di Sgarro*, he has no scars to show, it is doubtful whether he even carries a knife of the prohibited length. But mixed with this contempt there is a dogged, sullen, unwilling respect which it is difficult to explain, except under the supposition that he possesses some secret power over them. His rank is undefined. By some it seems to be regarded as superior, and by some as inferior, to that of the Capi. In fact he is a foreign element, the one agent of the Camorra who is known to exist, and to fulfil certain duties, but who is in other respects a mystery. Who appoints him? To whom does he render an account of the money he receives and the way in which it is expended? Now that we have placed the facts as clearly as we can before the reader, we may leave him to draw his own conclusions.

Such is the Camorra, a secret society with unknown powers, a State within the State. Its aims are often lawless, and it shrinks from no means by which they can be attained. But it would be a great mistake to class its members with the dastards who make use of dynamite. Its rules are known to all who are expected to obey them, and, unless its authority is openly defied, it usually gives its opponent fair warning. If after war has once been declared it is both unscrupulous and pitiless, its wrath is directed against the offender alone; it does not take a pleasure in destruction for its own sake, or delight in indiscriminate slaughter. Its members are frequently bad and generally reckless men, but they are not enemies of the human race. The educated Italian of the North may well regard it with aversion, and desire its entire suppression, but for the foreign observer it possesses a certain interest as illustrating the extraordinary social conditions which once existed in Naples, and are now rapidly passing away.

MORE LAST WORDS FROM MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD.

"PHILISTIA, be thou glad of me," is the best way to phrase Mr. Arnold's latest of many biblical messages; for it would be in many ways improper to compare the prophet of lucidity to Balaam. He does not, that we know of, ride upon an ass, and if he did, and the ass remonstrated with him, Mr. Arnold would be the very last to acknowledge that *il parlait bien*. In a transferred sense of "Balaam" familiar to readers of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, though now, we fancy, little used in newspaper offices, the term is still less applicable to Mr. Arnold; for the wicked editor who would refuse his "copy" walks not, we trust, the earth. Yet it may be granted that Mr. Arnold was generally thought to be setting out to curse the Americans last year; and lo! in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century* he blesses them altogether. It is true that the blessing is chiefly effected indirectly by vigorous cursing of his own country; but that is nearly the same thing. If Philistia (for, with a surface inconsistency which we cannot think quite worthy of him, Mr. Arnold still calls

America Philistia) is not glad of Mr. Matthew Arnold, why then Philistia is a very uncivil person.

It is true that if the people over there are intelligent people (and their worst enemies have not generally refused them this attribute) Mr. Arnold's praise may not be quite so sweet in their internal arrangements as it must be, they being human, in their mouths. It would appear from a careful perusal of Mr. Arnold's article that America is to relieve France as a stick to beat the British dog with. No more for the present are we to hear of "French Etons"—such as, for instance, M. Robert Caze has just portrayed anew for British inspection. France even has a renewed and formidable *coup de boutoir* in this article for her present worship of lubricity ("present" is rather good to any one who remembers Brantôme, and the *Cabinet Satirique*, and Tallemant, and Bussy, and the *Écumoire*—books of fact or fancy which cover two whole centuries of French actual life before the Revolution). Westward the course of empire takes its way, and Mr. Arnold is just now enamoured of the surprising, the admirable way in which American institutions fit Americans. So, though his "debility in high speculation is well known" ("The sooth board is nae board," Mr. Arnold, if an Englishman may quote to an Englishman a Scotch proverb), he determines to take up his parable about that great Republic, and, as Mr. Gladstone would say, this small little monarchy. The main thing which strikes Mr. Arnold is that just-mentioned admirable fit of American institutions, "loose where it ought to be loose, and close where its sitting close is an advantage." He mentions, indeed, Macaulay's prediction that the pinching of this wonderful suit is only a matter of time—a prediction which some of us, including not a few Americans, think in a fair way towards accomplishment. But Mr. Arnold pool-pools it. "Got no classes," he says, "can never go wrong," though here we own that we shorten his phrase a little. Now it is a pity that Mr. Arnold, before assuring the world that American institutions will meet all needs, did not face the little question what needs they have hitherto had to meet. One great difficulty they have had, and (to speak of the settlement of that in terms in which all must agree) that difficulty was solved by simple force most energetically and vigorously applied. American institutions had rather less to do with the quenching of the Civil War than the institutions of Flanders had to do with Alva's quenching of the Reformation—that immortal refutation of the doctrine that force is no remedy. Putting this aside, what difficulties have American institutions had to meet? A severe strike or two, met none too easily; the difficulty of paying off your debts when you have got only too much money to pay them off with; Mormonism, which has scored off the institutions pretty freely; the decaying Indian tribes, &c. *Misères que tout cela*, Mr. Arnold! Sensible Americans will be about the first to tell him he had better have waited till the rain descended and the floods came and the winds blew before deciding that the house will stand.

However, Mr. Arnold would not have been Mr. Arnold if he had thought of this little fact. They have got equality in America, and he thinks they have got homogeneity (they don't think so themselves, by the way). We haven't got equality and homogeneity. Therefore *va nobis*. And having got at this eternal truth, Mr. Arnold proceeds to leap o'er all other eternal truths in his Pindaric way. He is struck with an almost despairing admiration at the equanimity with which Americans would accept the idea of the disappearance of the country gentleman. Considering that Americans have not got the country gentleman to lose, and that their whole polity and economy depends upon his absence, we are, we confess, a little unable to see what this equanimity proves. You can't (but we speak, of course, as barbarians) found much argument on the indifference of an antelope to the loss of a Polar bear's skin, or on the nonchalance of a walrus when it hears that an elephant has had his trunk cut off. But, says Mr. Arnold apparently, it is natural not to have country gentlemen, and unnatural to have them. Who told him so? Where (to borrow a happy phrase from *Hypatia*) did he see two little beasts running about labelled "natural institution," "unnatural institution"? We never saw either, and we should be much more inclined to judge institutions by their fruits than according to this entirely *a priori* (some wicked people will say entirely arbitrary) test of naturalness. Of course when you come to the fruits there will still be difference of tastes. Sir Lepel Griffin has quite shocked Mr. Arnold by his expression of that difference; but, then, it is a difference of another kind. For tastes there is no "why?" But when Mr. Arnold tells us that it is "anti-natural" that Lord Spencer should govern Ireland, we say why? in something more than simplicity; and when Mr. Arnold says that we might as well hope to see Strongbow come to life again as hope to see a time when Irish tenants will quietly pay rents to landlords, we say why? again. Certainly, Mr. Arnold and other people make this latter period as improbable as they can by calling it improbable. But why should it be improbable in itself? That is what Mr. Arnold does not tell us, being indeed not exactly good at rendering a reason.

We are bound to pass rapidly over Mr. Arnold's respectable lamentation over the Whig oligarchy and Majuba, though this is certainly the first time that we ever heard the person really guilty of Majuba, or rather what followed Majuba, described as belonging to the Whig oligarchy. But it is funny to find him pronouncing the cause of the disorganization of the House of Commons to be that the House is far too large, and that it has no

local assemblies to undertake part of its business. The pleased reader, if he has a little *nous*, need not turn the page to discover that Mr. Arnold has no other reason to give for this opinion, except that Congress is smaller and that there are State Legislatures in America. But the most interesting part of the article is where Mr. Arnold "returns to his old thesis: inequality is our bane." Alas! alas! for that troublesome and recurrent why? "What harm does inequality do?" we have been saying to Mr. Arnold for many years, but there is no voice, neither any that answers. Mr. Arnold, if he does not answer, repeats "aristocracy is a false ideal," and the damnable iteration of the why? becomes necessary. We don't get any where, of course, but we do get a very satisfactory assurance from Mr. Arnold that he does not hate rank or wealth. That is, we say, very satisfactory. There have been persons in Mr. Arnold's condition who did rather hate them, and we never quite understood why till we heard a little anecdote. A certain person, neither barbarian nor Philistine, was once in company with a famous English man of letters, whom we shall call "B," and a rather well-known Scotch nobleman, whom we shall call "D." He said afterwards, "Do you know it was very amusing? I mean the contrast of B's artificial good manners and D's real good manners; and what was best of all was that B winced at it and D did not seem to notice it at all." Of course this does not apply to Mr. Arnold, and, as we see, he does not hate the aristocracy as "B" did. Still he wishes for a cessation of titles (Mr. Froude, another celebrated man of letters, only wants to abolish dukes), and for a law of bequest such as that, we suppose, which has worked so excellently in Mr. Arnold's beloved Land of Lubricity. And again we can only wail "Why? Mr. Arnold, why?" What harm does a title do you, and what good would it do you if the law of *quotitè* handed over a certain proportion of the proceeds of the Blenheim Madonna to Lord Randolph Churchill? *Abyssus abyssum vocat*; but Mr. Matthew Arnold, who is certainly deep, answers not. Then Mr. Arnold, according to those classical traditions which he loves so well, if not so wisely, ends up with a *threnos*—a *threnos* over Mr. Goldwin Smith and Mr. John Morley. There are certain reasons which make us as unlikely as we should be unwilling to say anything against these two distinguished writers. Mr. Goldwin Smith is, it seems, Mr. Arnold's ideal politician, and Mr. John Morley is not his ideal politician at all, but his ideal journalist. Alas, how easily things go wrong! Despite the careers marked out for them by fate and Mr. Arnold, Mr. Smith has gone to Canada and Mr. Morley to Parliament. So the round men are in the square holes, and there is in Parliament, or in journalism, no one to "expound the signs of the times." There is literature, of course (let us hope Mr. Smith and Mr. Morley will note this distinction with pleasure), and a poor man of letters here or there in the intervals of visiting America will, no doubt, speak the truth. "But how ineffective an organ is literature for conveying [the signs of the time] compared with Parliament and journalism!"

So ends for this occasion *to kata Mattheon*. It may at least be said of it that they will be very silly rationalists or chorizontes of the future who doubt its genuineness or separate it from the rest of the neo-Matthean canon. It has all the marks of its author, marks which it is quite unnecessary, and might in some cases be impolite, to describe at length. Suffice it only to say that that little test of "why?" which we have ventured to apply once or twice, though of course it is not applicable to Mr. Arnold exclusively, never fails when applied to him. It is a rude and brutal test, no doubt, to apply to such pretty wares as Mr. Arnold's lucubrations, and if he would only confine those lucubrations to subjects where "because I like it" is a sufficient answer to "why?" it never need violate his decencies. But at present Mr. Matthew Arnold in eighteen pages of literature (not journalism; oh, no, the lucidities forbid!) has told us that American institutions suit America much better than English institutions suit England, because English and American institutions are different. We think that the most pig-headed John Bull who believes in the one and the most humorous American who is content with the other may join in regretfully admitting that this argument won't quite hold water. For, you see, it would unluckily justify a complete reversal of itself and of Mr. Arnold's own way of thinking. As English and American institutions are different, American institutions must be much less well suited to America than English institutions are suited to England. If there be more logic in one of these than in the other, may the ghosts of Bradwardine, Dutch Burgersdyck and the late Dr. Hoole haunt our bedsides for ever and ever!

THE NEW BISHOPS.

IT was Lord Melbourne, if we recollect aright, who used to complain that "the Bishops died to spite him," during his tenure of office; in those days episcopal resignations were unknown. But Mr. Gladstone might perhaps feel tempted to complain that both death and resignation on the bench form an appreciable addition to his many troubles. He has just had to nominate to three Sees—as it is usual, though not essential, to translate to the See of London—and will in all probability very soon have a fourth bishopric to fill, as it is announced that the resignation of Bishop Moberly is only deferred till the close of a lawsuit which concerns him. On the whole the new nominations are likely to be received with satisfaction, though not always for exactly the reasons which had been put forward in some quarters

for suggesting them. Bishop Temple is no longer thought of chiefly, if at all, as the editor of *Essays and Reviews*, and it certainly would not occur to any one familiar with the course of his fifteen years' episcopate at Exeter to suggest as his crowning merit that he would be sure to postpone the religious to the secular aspects of a great ecclesiastical position. His *Bampton Lectures*, recently published, whatever may be thought of their argumentative or philosophical value, are clearly the work of a Christian apologist not at all disposed to shake hands with "minimizers" who resolve the supernatural elements of Christianity into a superfluity or an *Aberglaube*. And his administration of a large and what had become, during the old age of his predecessor, a somewhat neglected diocese has been marked not only by vigour, but by fairness and consideration, not least towards the party who were inclined not unnaturally to look with distrust on his first appearance there, that soon found reason to modify their estimate, as he perhaps had seen reason to change his estimate of them. High Churchmen in the diocese of London, if they are not eager to welcome their new diocesan, will feel no temptation to look askance at him, and will readily confess that they might easily have gone farther and fared worse. If any hesitation has been hinted as to his perfect qualification for an office so complex and multifarious in its demands on the mental and moral as well as the physical capabilities of a prelate who should be able in some measure to become all things to all men, it has not arisen from theological or religious objections. That Bishop Temple is an able and zealous administrator who has the interests of the Church at heart nobody disputes; that he knows how to deal with difficulties *fortiter in re* he has shown, but some doubts may be entertained as to his always being equally successful in handling them *suaviter in modo*, and there is a more urgent call for the exhibition of tact and conciliatory bearing in the diocese of London than at Exeter. He will at all events run no risk of being stigmatized as "a Society Bishop." Dr. Temple is a striking though not eloquent preacher, because he has something to say worth listening to and never talks nonsense, but his preaching owes nothing to graces of style or manner. To preach however is a very subordinate part of the duties of a Bishop of London, and it has not been a strong point with the occupants of that See for some time past. A more plausible objection might be found in the comparatively advanced age of the new Bishop, which considerably exceeds that of his last four predecessors at the time of their appointment, but by all reports Dr. Temple at 63 is more vigorous both in mind and body than most men ten years younger, and is certainly a notable example of the salubrious effects of the herb "which cheers but not inebriates," if he is correctly reported to subsist chiefly on tea. It may be hoped however that he will not find it necessary in his new sphere to give such vehement expression to his Tectotal apostolate as he did at Exeter, inasmuch as on that very disputable question he must count upon finding both lay and clerical opinion in the diocese divided, though he would no doubt have the heartiest sympathy of his Archiepiscopal brother of Westminster, and perhaps also of Mr. Spurgeon. It remains true, however, and that is a point of primary importance in his new position, that Bishop Temple has proved himself to be a born ruler of men. If he is not a great divine, or a great preacher, and will hardly be a conspicuous figure either in Parliament or in London drawing-rooms, he possesses qualities too often lacking in those who may lay claim to all those recommendations, which are of supreme importance for doing full justice in the present age to the post of high responsibility he has been called to fill. It may be said that almost from the time when he first came up as a "Blundell Scholar" to Balliol, where he afterwards became Fellow and Tutor, and whence he passed successively to Kneller Hall, to Rugby, and to Exeter, he has been prominently before the world, and in the various positions of trust he has in turn occupied he has both deserved and won success.

Of Dr. Temple's successor at Exeter the opposite so far is true. It is no disparagement to Dean Bickersteth—as he was for three days before receiving the offer of a mitre—to say that not much is known of his antecedents in the outer world. To be widely known may be a credit or a discredit to a man, but in these days of "Society journals" and cheap and general notoriety, we may be sure that if there is much to be said to his discredit a man is certain to be widely known. Nothing of this sort can be laid to the charge of Mr. Bickersteth. He is the author of several devotional and some poetical works very popular among religious Evangelicals, and for thirty years has held the living of Christ Church, Hampstead, which by the way he *ipso facto* vacated by his installation to the Deanery of Gloucester on Wednesday week, and he must therefore have been mistaken in informing his congregation last Sunday that the nomination had lapsed to the Crown. He was Dean of Gloucester, not Vicar of Christ Church, when designated—not "appointed," as the *Times* incorrectly phrased it—to the See of Exeter, and there was therefore nothing to lapse but the Deanery, which was already a Crown appointment. The new Bishop belongs to what it has become the fashion to term "the Neo-Evangelical school," meaning Evangelical with a dash of High Church, as exemplified in daily services, surpliced choirs, and frequent communions—which thirty years ago would have sufficed to constitute "the mark of the beast"—and is not therefore likely to make a narrow or partisan Bishop. What may be his powers of administration and government remains to be proved. It was the turn for a Cambridge and—if the balance of parties is to be preserved—an Evangelical bishop,

and there is no reason to believe that under these conditions a better selection could have been made. Meanwhile he can easily be replaced at Gloucester. It is not often that Evangelicals make good deans. They have too little love or appreciation of the architectural and ceremonial splendour which are, or ought to be, characteristic of a cathedral, and hence as a rule Lord Palmerston's deans were somewhat conspicuous failures; they did not magnify their office, and seldom even managed to adjust themselves to the outward circumstances of a function which in their scheme of religious life had no place or meaning. But there is no similar presumption against an Evangelical of the moderate and cultured type, who is willing to learn and to live and let live, doing good work as a bishop, and there is more than one among the present occupants of the bench whose name might be cited to prove it. Let us hope that a fresh illustration will be supplied in the career of the new Bishop of Exeter.

Of the three recent nominations the one that will be received with the warmest enthusiasm by a large section of the Church, and with dissatisfaction by none, is that of Dr. King to the See of Lincoln. He is not perhaps a great scholar, or a great thinker, or exactly a brilliant—though he is a most popular and persuasive—preacher, and on such grounds exception was taken by some critics ten years ago to his appointment to the Chair of Pastoral Theology at Oxford, for which they had designated another and far less suitable occupant. But experience has more than justified the wisdom of Mr. Gladstone's choice. It has been said, and said truly, that for ten years before that Dr. King was "simply idolized by successive generations of students at Cuddesdon," and it would be not less true to say that for the last ten years he has been idolized by a large and growing number of each successive generation of Oxford undergraduates. His position at the University has been in some respects unique. Coming back there as Professor a year or two only after the abolition of tests, when Oxford was uneasily drifting from its old moorings, and the minds of religious Churchmen were much troubled at the prospect of "ills they knew not of" looming dimly in the future, himself a pronounced or, as some might say, an extreme High Churchman, but a man of exquisite tact and refinement and most delicate sympathy, especially with the young—while regarded by a considerable section of residents of the "advanced" type with suspicious, if not unfriendly eyes—Dr. King had a task of no ordinary difficulty to discharge. He had made his mark at Cuddesdon, but there he was unchallenged and supreme; it remained to be seen if he would be able to make his mark in the wider and stormier field of University life, and University life at a period of unexampled ferment and transition, when the unbroken tradition of centuries had just been decisively and somewhat sharply snapped. But without abating one iota of his cherished principles he has held and more than held his own. No doubt that is partly due to the remarkable sympathetic influence he exercises over youth; a young man of not very ductile temperament, who had been newly introduced to him and had talked to him for ten minutes only, was once heard to exclaim, "That man might twist me round his finger in half an hour." But it is not to this peculiar charm alone that he owes his undoubted influence. It is hardly possible in speaking of Dr. King to avoid the use of language too readily liable to abuse not to convey to the ears of many a sound of mawkishness, or hypocrisy, or cant; but while no one can be further removed from all suspicion of anything like namby-pamby goodness, all who know him would agree—whether in theological agreement with him or not—that his most distinctive speciality is a deep spirituality of mind and character. Its influence was felt by all who came under his control at Cuddesdon, and has been widely felt at Oxford since, and cannot fail to make itself felt increasingly—both as a stimulant and an eirenicon—in the larger sphere of work to which he is now called. We do not know precisely what is the state of parties in the diocese of Lincoln, but it is still in spite of subdivision an extensive diocese, and is sure to be more or less a microcosm of existing divisions in the Church of England; and the new Bishop, who probably never made an enemy in his life, may be trusted to win and retain the confidence of men of all parties. He will succeed a prelate of perhaps superior learning, and not inferior piety, to his own, who has deserved well of the diocese and of the Church of which he has long been a conspicuous ornament. And to Bishop Wordsworth, who feels constrained by failing health to retire from the post he has for sixteen years so worthily filled, it must be no slight consolation to know that his work will be carried on by a successor in so many ways like-minded and equally single-minded with himself, probably indeed the very man of all others he would have chosen for the purpose, had the choice rested with him. To Oxford residents their sense of gratification at Dr. King's elevation to the episcopate will be counterbalanced only by a conviction of the difficulty of replacing him.

APPLES.

THERE are few prettier sights on a well-appointed dinner-table than a dish of sound and mellow English apples. A ring of full-flavoured ribstons interspersed with a few aromatic russets, and surmounted by a pyramid of golden pippins and brandy apples, will compel notice among the costliest and most attractive dessert fruit. No English table should be laid at this

season without such a dish. The poorest host can afford it, and the richest should make it a point of honour to show what the skill of his countrymen has produced from a hungry soil and under a grudging sun. Perhaps no other tree-fruit has been brought nearer to perfection, within the limits of its well-marked characteristics, than the apple; and it is almost exclusively in England and Normandy, and quite recently in the United States, that the most notable improvement of quality has been effected. The dainty pyramid that now holds its own with hothouse grapes and pines had a harsh and crabbed ancestry. The favourite ribston cannot boast more than half-a-dozen generations, and it is the same with many of our best-accounted sorts, which would be unknown to us at this day if men like Andrew Knight, of Wormsley, and others before and after him, had not carefully selected and cultivated the fruit. Selection seems to be the special cause of this later improvement of the apple; for in most other respects the culture of pippin-fruits was carried on with great skill and success, in several of the Mediterranean countries, at least two thousand years ago. The trick of grafting, for instance, was commonly practised before the time of Pliny, who mentions one Appian Claudius as the introducer of a graft much esteemed in Vespasian's reign. Pliny knew twenty-nine sorts of "apples," including under this term the quince, and probably the citron family also. In England we now have some four or five hundred distinct varieties, which we have obtained by cherishing and almost worshipping the fruit for many centuries. The Board School Readers cannot be said to have neglected the natural history of this country in "the time of the Ancient Britons" and in "the Anglo-Saxon period," for at the least one-third of their information on those periods deals with the oak, the mistletoe, honey, and woad. Yet, strange to say, they make nothing of the apple, which was certainly one of the chief articles of food both before and after the English found a home in Britain. Whatever art the Romans had in improving the quality of their fruit, no doubt they brought it with them to our shores; and so well was the indigenous stock nursed and developed, whether by Roman settlers or by monks, that when St. Brieuc and his eighty companions sought refuge in Armorica from the ravaging English, one of the number planted in their new home an orchard three miles long, which preserved his name for over six centuries, and laid the foundation, as some maintain, of the Normandy cider industry. Be this as it may, the apple was a characteristic fruit of Britain; and in every age, as was to be expected, the clergy were its cultivators in chief. They grew the fruit in their gardens, prayed for it in their religious ceremonies, sheltered it with their laws, and named it when pronouncing the blessings of God upon their princes. From them the esteem and veneration would soon pass down to the common folk, ready as they always were to weave the teachings of the Church into their everyday superstitions and language. The Latin chronicles and institutes, and the early English poems, contain many references to the apple and pear; whilst it is probable that a drink was made of the fermented juice long before Wiclif and Chaucer employed the term *cider*, or *syder*, to denote a strong coarse brew of any kind. There is no telling the age of the charms and scraps of folk-lore still surviving in various parts of the country, many of which were collected by Dr. Bull in the first two numbers of that pride of English horticulturists, the *Herefordshire Pomona*.

Pippin, pippin, Paradise,
Tell me where my true-love lies!

is at least centuries old, if not quite so ancient as the invocation of a couple of November saints:—

Cattren and Clement comes year by year;
Some of your apples and some of your beer.

There are others which bear the evident stamp of Tudor, not to say Plantagenet, feeling and custom.

It is lamentable that with all this traditional fondness and aptitude for apple-culture, when we number our good varieties by hundreds, and are able to hold our own at a Normandy Apple Congress—as the Woolhope Club did this year at Rouen—we are still far behind the mark which we ought to have reached. Having done so much with the apple in other days, we might surely be doing better to-day. The cultivation of table and culinary fruit languishes for want of encouragement, and there will plainly be little encouragement for our home growers so long as the Americans can command four or five times as much for their sea-borne apples as we can command for some of our finest sorts. American soil has not been proved to be better for the culture of apples than the soil of Herefordshire, for instance; and though the Transatlantic orchards have been largely created from English grafts, which have not suffered by the change of climate, there is no manifest or sufficient reason why their produce should so greatly outbid our own in the English markets. The explanation seems to lie, at any rate partially, in the greater pains which American fruit-growers bestow upon the gathering, storing, and packing of their fruit. It may appear a small thing, but there is no doubt that half the selling value of a crop of dessert apples may easily be thrown away by injudicious picking. A barrel of Newtown pippins rarely contains an unsound fruit, and wholesale buyers generally prefer to take and recommend wares on which they can most thoroughly rely. We are not disposed to admit the superiority of the best American apples over the best English apples in any one particular, neither in appearance, nor in size, nor in flavour, nor in any other serviceable quality. That the best of the foreign fruit, carefully picked and packed, should present a better appearance in

Covent Garden than average English apples, which often look as if they had been beaten from the trees like walnuts, is not to be wondered at. There is, however, something radically wrong when fruit which has been carried four thousand miles to a London market commands five or six times the price which is attainable for sound Blenheim oranges by a Herefordshire or Devonshire grower. A Somerset gardener, contending some weeks ago in the *Field* that apple-growing for market cannot, under ordinary circumstances, be made to pay in England, mentioned that the best store fruit (Blenheim oranges excepted) could be delivered to the buyer at four shillings for the bag of six-score pounds; and at the time when his letter was written Newtown pippins, bought by the barrel, were fetching about thirty shillings for the same weight. In many of our home markets the American producer is content to underbid us when he can, or to beat us with his attractive and occasionally useful "notions." It must be delightful for him to find that the existence of peculiar notions on this side of the water enables him to make such an astonishing profit out of his apples.

There is surely some remedy for this discreditable state of things. It is likely enough that the American growers receive little more money at their orchard gates than the English, and that the length of the channel from tree to market accounts for a great deal of the inflated price. In that case the middlemen are to be congratulated on a good thing; but it is clear that this explanation cannot be more than partial. The fact remains that these foreign apples are very sound and sightly, and that retail purchasers are willing to pay an inordinate price for American pippins, rather than accept the bruised and shrivelled fruit that is too frequently contrasted with them in the fruiterers' shops. If any permanent good is to be effected, and if we are to turn to account the lesson which has been taught us, English orchardmen must not only send their fruit to market in better condition, but they must also strain every nerve to improve and multiply the best varieties. Beyond this it is highly desirable that the growers should be encouraged in their efforts to recover lost ground. As we have already said, there is no good reason why purchasers should give a preference to foreign over English apples, price and quality being both taken into consideration. The most dogmatic political economist could not show cause against the stimulation of home industries by buying in the best markets, as we shall be doing if we cook Blenheim oranges and eat golden pippins. There is one thing more which may be done to promote the interests of our countrymen. An international fruit show, with prizes valuable enough to attract Americans, Frenchmen, and all else whom it might concern, would not only be an interesting novelty in itself, but it could not fail to quicken the energies of English producers. And these producers must understand that, if buyers are to turn their backs upon American fruit, it will be advisable so to justify their resolution in their own eyes that they will never be tempted to relapse again.

CRITICS, ACTORS, AND AUDIENCES.

SOME few years ago Professor Morley noted that there had sprung up with reference to the drama "a healthy little breeze of public criticism." This was much wanted at the time to clear the atmosphere; but of late the breeze has increased to a gale. The issue of a monthly review without an article on something connected with the theatre is quite an exception; the drama attracts more attention and gives rise to more discussion than at any previous period. Why this should be so is a natural question. There are those who think that the striking presentation of plays at the Lyceum Theatre under Mr. Henry Irving's direction, the skilful work done at the leading comedy theatres, the invention of a new school of comic opera by Mr. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan, together with productions elsewhere distinguished at least by all that care and patience could do, may in some measure account for this. Mr. William Archer, however, who is so very good as to write an article on "The Duties of Dramatic Critics" in the *Nineteenth Century*, looks another way for an explanation of why the drama has come to the front. He has brought it there, Mr. Archer explains. "Writing some three years ago," Mr. Archer says, "I complained that the great reviews scarcely acknowledged the existence of an English theatre, and no one thought of questioning the statement." In what organ of opinion Mr. Archer made his complaint he does not say. But his complaint was uttered, and "now things have changed. Within that short space of time"—the three years which have elapsed—"articles on theatrical subjects have appeared in all the monthly and some of the quarterly reviews." Having done so much, Mr. Archer seeks to do more; and his lecture on "The Duties of Dramatic Critics" is the result. All who are eager to know Mr. Archer's views on Mr. Archer will be amply gratified, and critics who think that Mr. Archer can teach them their duties will of course benefit by his instructions. His purpose, he says, "is not to criticize the critics"; but he does so, nevertheless, as when he points out "an occasion on which the critics should have come resolutely forward to denounce and ridicule an absurdity of ignorant and thoughtless habit on the part of the public whom they address. Unfortunately they missed their opportunity"—which omission, however, Mr. Archer rectifies; so all is well again.

There may possibly be readers who will smile at the egotism for which Mr. Archer admits that excuse is due; but when he ceases

for a time to dwell upon his own private sentiments and habits, he sometimes touches upon matters of interest to those who care for the stage. Should the critic write or adapt plays? is one of the first questions asked, and Mr. Archer approvingly inquires, "Why not?" Many reasons will be apparent to those who consider the matter. "A man who would virulently condemn a rival adapter or slavishly praise a manager from whom he expects an order is of the corrupt corruptible," it is remarked, not without truth. Nevertheless, considering that human nature is what it is, and not taking at all a low view of human nature, it is inevitable that a critic who is employed by a manager cannot do his work of criticism as honestly and impartially as if he were not so employed. It is not as if the manager merely wrote to the critic, and offered a sum of money for a play or the adaptation of a play. Between the arrangement of the business and the production of the piece critic and manager will be in daily communication. There are a hundred details to be arranged. One actor, for instance, declines his part; he does not see how anything can possibly be made of it, and forthwith accepts an engagement at another house, whither the author of the rejected part goes to criticize him. The author is honestly convinced that the man who could see no merit in such a part must be very foolish and ignorant, and somehow or other this becomes more and more apparent as the piece progresses and the critic-author reflects on the rejection. Will the comments on that actor be written without bias? The manager is very likely interested in a second theatre—it often happens in London that the same man is at the head of two or more houses—and at this establishment a play is produced. The manager tells the critic what bad luck he has had, how everything has gone wrong, how if the new piece does not go well he will have to close the place; and off goes the critic to write a notice. Or it may be a question of a little comedy to precede, or something else to follow, the work that the critic is preparing at the very theatre where his play is to be acted. Will he not make things smooth for the manager; will he not do his best to popularize the theatre on the popularity of which the continuance of his *sl.* a night, or whatever it may be, depends? Then, when the play by the critic of the *Daily Recorder* is at length produced, what will the *Daily Recorder* say about it? Then, again, if the critic-author desires to place a play at another theatre, what tone will he probably adopt in writing of that house? Will he on Thursday night condemn a production there as rubbish, and on Friday morning write to the manager and offer his piece? Nothing, it seems to us, can be plainer than that no judge should take money from a suitor who comes before him; and the positions of judge and suitor are precisely filled by critic and manager.

Mr. Archer considers that "the extent to which a critic may wisely enter into personal relations with actors and authors is a much more delicate and difficult question." It seems to us very much less delicate and difficult, for the reason that here no questions of money are involved. As society is at present constituted, it is almost inevitable that critics, actors, and authors must occasionally meet. It would be better if they did not, for personal feeling is apt to influence judgment; but there is not that direct incentive for a critic to praise the actor or author whom he knows as there is for him to praise the manager on whom his banking account depends. The relations are different. If there be friendship between critic and author—as, we repeat, it is better there should not be—the author, if his regard be worth having, will see that the critic must do his duty, and will not be offended at honest criticism; if he be offended, his regard is not worth having. A judge may often know plaintiff or defendant; but this will not sway his judgment. By an eccentric mental process Mr. Archer has come to the conclusion that he may know authors, but that he may not know actors; and this he regrets because he thinks "there is nothing more instructive than to hear a party of actors 'talking shop,' concerning which it is enough to say that tastes differ. With Mr. Archer a stern sense of duty prevails; and he writes, "In the society of players on the active list I feel that I am paying too dearly for my whistle." It is only to be hoped that Mr. Archer will not be thrown by chance into the society of players on the active list. On the whole, it may be doubted whether critics will be very much benefited by the directions set down for their guidance.

Mr. Irving's article on "The American Audience" in an otherwise exceedingly dull number of the *Fortnightly Review* is marked by a taste and modesty which are not conspicuous in Mr. Archer's paper. Our only complaint against the article is that Mr. Irving has been too brief in the most interesting part of his subject, that which touches on the mysterious sympathy and sentiment which pass—or which in some cases cannot be made to pass—between actor and audience. Playgoers in the States are sometimes very unpunctual, so that the first act of a play is often given amid constant interruption from the entry of visitors. Once seated, these men stay in their places till the curtain falls; there is very little of that struggling out between narrow rows of stalls which is so annoying in England. Visitors do not like to sit too long. Two hours and a half is considered the maximum length of time which a performance should take. Once in Colorado the manager of a travelling company, anxious to catch the train, hurried the representation into an hour and a half; but, though audiences dislike plays too long, they will not put up with them too short. When next the company were coming to the city they were met *en route*, some fifty miles out, by the sheriff, who warned them that the able-bodied male population, armed with shot-guns, was awaiting their arrival. The citizens considered that they had been de-

frauded of part of the play they had paid to see. "The company did not, I am informed, on that occasion visit the city," Mr. Irving adds. American audiences seem from the description here given of them to be delightful. Their dominant characteristic, Mr. Irving declares, is impartiality; they are quick to understand and appreciate, and are not surpassed in readiness and completeness of comprehension by any that Mr. Irving has seen. No actor need fear to make his strongest or his most subtle effort. The misdeeds of ticket speculators are laid bare, but it is not about them, nor about the picturesque appearance of the house when filled in the evening by persons in morning dress—we should have supposed that the appearance would have been more picturesque had evening dress been worn—that we chiefly want to hear Mr. Irving. Others can tell what is worth telling of these things. On the personal relation of actors and audience Mr. Irving's experiences in two quarters of the globe are of special interest. Of the actor he says:—"His first experience before a strange audience is the discovery whether or not he is *en rapport* with them. This, however, he can most surely feel, though he cannot always give a reason for the feeling. As there is, in the occurrences of daily life, a conveyance other than by words of meaning, of sentiment, or of understanding between different individuals, so there is a carriage of mutual understanding or reciprocity of sentiment between the stage and the auditorium. The emotion which an actor may feel, or which his art may empower him successfully to simulate, can be conveyed over the floats in some way which neither actor nor audience may be able to explain; and the reciprocation of such emotion can be as surely manifested by the audience by more subtle and unconscious ways than overt applause or otherwise." This is a matter to which Mr. Irving may possibly be induced to return.

Yet more dramatic criticism is to be found in the *National Review*, wherein Mr. G. E. Humphries, representing what he describes as "a small and exceedingly intelligent minority" that finds Miss Mary Anderson's Juliet a performance of almost the highest merit, strives to show that the large majority which pronounces the performance to be a poor one is unintelligent. The article is entitled "Voice and Emotion," and goes to prove that it is in her voice only that Miss Anderson fails. What the researches of Helmholtz have to do with the question whether Miss Anderson's voice does or does not inspire emotion Mr. Humphries does not make clear. He has, however, a theory about the Juliet which will be received with much satisfaction by the exceedingly intelligent minority. Those who fail to perceive the beauties which are perceptible to Mr. Humphries suffer from lack of appreciation. That, at least, is the opinion, and perhaps it is not the unnatural opinion in the circumstances, of the minority. At a certain scene which is described "on one or two occasions some of the audience laughed." Probably they have laughed oftener than once or twice when Mr. Humphries was not there to hear. But why did they laugh? "It really was," we are told, "because the absence of feeling in themselves made them doubt its earnestness." Miss Anderson is a great tragic actress, only the audience is apt to laugh at her tragedy; which is certainly unfortunate. People have complained that her fall over the bed after drinking the drug was grotesque; but, Mr. Humphries here explains, "all action associated with the highest tragedy does verge on the grotesque when presented to a people who habitually ignore the tragical unless it be something very revolting." Is not this drawing special pleading a little too fine? On what grounds does Mr. Humphries assume that all except his exceedingly intelligent minority are "people who habitually ignore the tragical unless it be something very revolting"? This fall need be no longer discussed, however, as Mr. Humphries is in a position to state that the fall was abandoned after a time, as the hanging down of the head over the side of the bed "caused serious apprehensions of apoplexy." There is something delightfully ingenuous about some of Mr. Humphries's arguments. Of the farewell in the balcony he says, "The acting may be everything that acting should be; but it is extremely difficult not to bear in mind that it is acting after all, just because we are looking at it." How otherwise than by "looking at it" can acting possibly be understood or appreciated? Mr. Humphries may be sure that acting is *not* everything that acting should be if the spectator remembers all the time that "it is acting after all." Here is the crucial test of the great artist. Perfect illusion must be created; the spectator must forget that what he sees is acting. If he cannot be made so to forget, the player fails.

THE FRENCH WINE HARVEST OF LAST YEAR.

THE manner in which French farmers have borne the trials to which they have been subjected during the past fifteen years affords a remarkable proof of their industry, thrift, and wealth. During the struggle with Germany immense numbers of them were withdrawn for months together from the care of their own affairs. The loss of life was great, and the survivors suffered severely in wear and tear of the constitution through want and hardships. They also suffered much from the requisitions of the invaders, and they have borne a large part of the increased burdens of the State consequent upon the disasters of the war. Since then a long series of bad seasons has adversely affected every branch of agriculture, and no branch has been more sorely tried than wine-growing. The bad seasons caused a great

falling off in the production of wine, and at the same time the ravages of the phylloxera have desolated whole districts, have literally destroyed immense numbers of vineyards, and have diseased great numbers of vines that are still left standing. Yet in spite of all this there has been no great emigration from France such as has been going on in Ireland and Germany for a whole generation; nor is there any reason to believe that French farmers are more deeply indebted than English farmers. It would seem, on the contrary, that the debts in France are rather less than in this country. We showed last week that, notwithstanding all the trials through which France has passed, the foreign trade of the country has not fallen off more than our own foreign trade; and it might be shown likewise, we think, that the indebtedness of the farmers, and indeed of all classes, is not greater than that of the corresponding classes in this country. The phylloxera is still extending its ravages; but there appear grounds for hope that its progress is gradually being checked. At all events, it is advancing less rapidly than formerly, while the replanting of vineyards with American vines is going on at a satisfactory rate, and in many places is proving a very marked success. Last year the phylloxera extended its ravages in the departments of the Aude, Charente, Corrèze, Dordogne, Gironde, Lot, Lot-et-Garonne, Lozère, and Var; but in Hérault, in the arrondissement of Toulon, and in the Tarn, in the Ardèche, the Bouches-du-Rhône, the Loire, and the Vienne, the replanting with American vines has proved successful. The weather, however, last year was upon the whole less favourable than in the year before. Early in May there were sharp frosts and hailstorms, which did much damage in the Eastern departments. The intense heat, too, injured the vines in some parts of the South; but in the West the weather was all that could be desired, whatever injury was done during the summer having been more than repaired by the rains of September and October. The final result was that in thirty-nine departments the yield of wine was larger than in 1883, and in twenty-eight departments it was larger than the average of the preceding ten years; but nevertheless throughout the whole of France there was a falling off. The total production amounted to 34,780,726 hectolitres, being a decrease compared with 1883 of 1,248,456 hectolitres, or nearly 3½ per cent.; but though the yield was less than in 1883, it was larger than in any preceding year since 1878.

The importance of the wine industry to France can hardly be exaggerated. In 1874 the total area under vines somewhat exceeded six millions of acres; that is, it was about twice the area under wheat in Great Britain. Last year the total area under vines somewhat exceeded five millions of acres; still being about twice the area under wheat in Great Britain. Not only, however, is the area under vines so much larger than the area under wheat in this country, but the employment given by the wine industry is also much larger. It is, in fact, one of the very chief industries in France, and directly or indirectly is estimated to give employment to fully a sixth of the whole population. The decrease in the area under vines in the eleven years which we have reviewed does not represent the full ravages committed by the phylloxera, for, as already stated, numerous vineyards have been replanted with American vines. Furthermore, vines that are affected by the disease cannot of course be shown in a mere statistical statement of this kind. The real damage suffered by France, therefore, is very much greater than is shown by the figures, which inform us that about a million statute acres have ceased to produce wine during the eleven years since 1874. Although there has been a continuous decrease in the area under vines since 1874, the greatest production of wine on record was in 1875, when it reached 83,836,000 hectolitres. Since then the succession of bad seasons and the phylloxera together have caused the enormous falling off already shown. 1879 was by far the worst season of the series, the production then not exceeding 25,770,000 hectolitres, or considerably less than one-third of the yield four years previously. Since 1879 there was a steady increase in the yield until 1883, and last year, as we have seen, there was again a slight falling off. Compared with 1875 the yield last year showed a decrease of very nearly 60 per cent., and compared with the average of the ten years 1874-83 it showed a decrease of nearly 23 per cent.; but, compared with 1879, it showed an increase of nearly 35 per cent. This great falling off in the production naturally led to a great increase in the imports of wine from abroad. The imports were trifling until 1878, and they did not assume really large proportions until 1880. In the first eleven months of last year the imports were 7,210,000 hectolitres, and of these imports about four-sevenths came from Spain, and nearly three-sevenths from Italy. Thus the misfortunes of France have been a benefit to her two immediate neighbours, and particularly have stimulated immensely the wine industry in Spain. They have likewise been of great benefit to the Spanish railways, the conveyance of wine from Spain having assumed such large proportions. In addition to the wine imported from abroad, there has been a good deal of wine manufactured from dried fruit, while there has also been a very considerable adulteration of various kinds.

It is remarkable that, vast as is the area under vineyards in France, and large as is the proportion of the population engaged in the wine industry, the proportion exported is very small. Even in 1875, when, as we have seen, the yield of wine reached nearly 84 millions of hectolitres, the exports did not quite reach 3½ million hectolitres, or not more than a twenty-second part of the total production. Last year the exports for the first eleven months somewhat exceeded 2½ million hectolitres. The exports, therefore, did not quite amount to one-eleventh part of the total production.

It will be seen how immeasurably more important the home market is to the French wine grower and the French wine manufacturer than all the foreign markets of the world. It will also be noticed from the figures just given that the decrease in the exports has not been at all in the same proportion as the falling off in the yield. The falling off in the yield between 1875 and last year, as we have previously stated, was nearly 60 per cent.; but the falling off in the exports between 1875 and 1883 was only about three-quarters of a million of hectolitres. It is to be borne in mind, however, that the wine exported is chiefly of the choicer qualities, and the choicer qualities of wine have fortunately suffered less from the phylloxera than other kinds. This, by the way, reminds us that the value of the exports is much greater than would appear from the mere quantities exported. The exports being of the choicer kinds are, of course, of greater price than the commoner kinds consumed at home, and, therefore, in value the proportion borne by the exports to the home consumption is much greater than the proportion borne in actual measurement. Furthermore, as we have already seen, there has been a considerable import of foreign wines, amounting to nearly a fourth of the total home production, while there has been an illegitimate manufacture of wine also. The quantity available for consumption, therefore, in these various ways has not fallen off so much as would appear from the statistics of the home production. The losses suffered by the wine-growers continued through so many years have naturally contributed very largely to the depression of trade from which France is suffering, and doubtless they also count for something in bringing about the general depression all over the world. So closely are all nations now connected one with another commercially that no single nation can suffer seriously without all the others more or less participating in the losses. That the effect upon France has not been greater than it actually has been is, as we have already remarked, matter for no little surprise. The figures cited show how large a proportion of the soil of France is occupied by vineyards; and, therefore, in themselves alone the losses suffered by so great an industry are very serious. But when we bear in mind that during the same time the corn-farmers, sugar-farmers, and silk-farmers have all equally suffered, we begin to conceive how great must be the industry and thrift that have prevented the agricultural depression in France from assuming much greater proportions than it has. Particularly it is surprising that there is so little emigration from France. From the country to the towns there is a considerable migration, and complaints are not few that labour is growing scarce in the country; but from France itself to other countries the emigration is quite trifling. All this seems to point to the fact that the French farmers habitually live within their incomes, and that their accumulated savings ten years ago must have been enormous. Even in spite of all their losses since then, it seems almost certain that they must still be fairly well off. If they were not, there would be more discontent and larger emigration.

CASTLE ACRE.

FEW people who do not know West Norfolk have even heard of Castle Acre. Lying off the line between Norwich and Lynn, it is on the road to nowhere; for, in spite of its fine churches, and those, finer still, of the neighbouring Marsh-land, nobody goes to Lynn except on business, electioneering or other. That side of Norfolk is thoroughly out of the way; and yet, with Castle Rising and Walsingham and Castle Acre, and Great Cressingham with its singularly beautiful chancel, and Thetford, it is certainly worth visiting. And, of all that it has to show, nothing is so well worth seeing as Castle Acre. We use the word show advisedly; for of course Thetford, with its eight religious houses and the tradition of its twenty churches, is richer in old memories; and of Walsingham the fame was spread, not only over all England, but over the whole Catholic world. Who does not know what Erasmus says of the *virgo maritima* at whose shrine, to the confusion of the custodians, he offered a Greek epigram? But at both these places you find chiefly what you bring. Thetford is a city of ruins; and of Walsingham little is left save the pilgrims' baths or "wishing wells." But at Castle Acre you have palpably before you a west front as fine as any in Yorkshire; fine in itself, and peculiarly interesting as a rich specimen of very late Norman. It stands on the Nar, near Narford, where till so lately was the Fountaine collection, made chiefly by the knight of that name, who in 1709 drew the designs for Swift's *Tale of a Tub*; and it lies four miles north of Swaffham, a sunny town on a hill-top, with big old houses, broad spaces, and a calm air of faded gentility, freshened up by an excellent ball once a year. Swaffham, as the old barber will tell you, was once quite a centre of county families, now scattered right and left. It had its lawyers (two Swaffham attorneys—the name then connoted more than it does now—subscribed to Parkin's continuation of Blomefield, to which also the vicar was one of the few clerical subscribers). It had its parsons, who clustered up there from off the low-lying parishes around; built houses (some of them still occupied by their descendants); and, as one of them told a bishop who had the rare audacity to grumble at non-residence, overlooked their flocks from their dining-room windows. In those days Swaffham whist was the best in the county, and the society was so select that the doctors were not admitted.

The best way of approaching Castle Acre is by the Swaffham Road. On your right hand, as soon as you have driven across the now shallow river, are the "Castle mounds"; while straight before you rises the steep Bailey Street, running right across the outer baillium. This street was closed by a gate at each end. That to the south has wholly disappeared; the other, opening out on the broad upper-town street, is nearly perfect. The outer baillium, which took in more than half the town, and includes, besides the street aforesaid, a fifteenth-century farmhouse, was fortified on the west by a strong earthwork, locally called "the barbican," and, because along with a similar rampart on the south it forms two sides of a rectangle, attributed to the Romans by those who see in the circular form of keep and inner baillium a proof that these are British work.

Of masonry there remains little or none. The walls, which at unexpected points were built across the trenches, in order to baffle an enemy who should have got possession of these, are fairly perfect. Of the keep literally nothing is left but the ruin of the outer wall; the very position of the central building is doubtful. Flint-rubble, as is seen in too many Norfolk church-towers, often comes down with a run as soon as a crack shows itself; and the coigns and mullions of Caen stone, brought, like the facings of the abbey, up the then navigable Nar, would be too tempting to be left when once the work of dismantlement was begun.

Towards the end of the last century some excavations were attempted, and an ashlar-lined shaft was cleared out to the depth of about 15 ft., and was, of course, identified with the opening to the traditional subterranean passage from castle to priory. The outer wall of the keep is 560 ft. round. The inner baillium is more than twice as large, and on the east is flanked by a huge horseshoe-work. Though small compared with the "Castle Hills" at Thetford, the whole forms, nevertheless, a most remarkable earthwork. To judge of its size, the visitor should not only enter it from the upper town, but should also make his way up from the lower rampart near the bottom of Bailey Street. Domesday makes no mention of a castle, though the many so-called Saxon sepulchral remains show Acre (as it was then called) to have been a considerable place. But no doubt the existence of earlier fortifications led William, Earl of Warrenne in Normandy and Surrey in England, to choose this out of his 140 Norfolk manors as the site of his castle. His wife, who died here in childhood in 1085, was the Conqueror's stepdaughter, and therefore is pretty sure to have had a hand in her husband's advancement. Norman fashion, he at once fell to endowing religious houses. The Cluniacs, who, some hundred and fifty years earlier, had broken away from the too lax Benedictines, were still in high repute for special sanctity. William and Gundrade persuaded six of them, with one Lanzo for prior, to come to Lewes; and, soon after, he moved some of them to his own town, their priory being, of course, in Cluniac style, a cell of Lewes, itself dependent on the mother house of Cluny. His church was soon found too small, the foundation being increased to thirty-six monks; and the Norman parts of the present building were raised by his son and were consecrated in 1147, in the time of the third earl. This third earl, to whom Stephen granted Thetford (deserted by its bishop), and who founded there the Canons' house of the Holy Sepulchre, a rival to Roger Bigod's great Thetford Priory of St. Mary's, died on the second crusade, leaving only a daughter, who married Hamelin Plantagenet, lord of Colombiers, a son of Geoffrey. Hamelin was created Earl of Warrenne, and in that name signed the Great Charter. His son, the fifth earl, William Plantagenet, the steady opponent of Simon of Montfort, was powerful enough to make before the Legate a truce of eight days with Henry III. He is the hero of the traditional sword-scene with Edward I., whom he afterwards entertained at Castle Acre, and who by-and-by sent his son John forward to chastise the Scotch. John of Warrenne's first campaign was an unbroken success. In less than two months he had taken all the castles from Dunbar to Stirling, and was left as Governor, having as Treasurer his neighbour Hugh, the warlike rector of Great Cressingham, whom the chronicler, wise after the flaying, calls "*vir pomposus, levis et lubricus, elatus et superbia et avaritia deditus, regis trayturiarius magis quam thesaurarius.*" The seventh earl makes an ignoble figure in an ignoble reign. Unhorsed at a tourney by Piers Gaveston, he joined the opposition; but, by-and-by, anxious to be divorced from his wife, Joan of Barr, granddaughter of the French King, he made a present of his patrimony to Edward, and when, a year after, it was restored to him, he sold it to Aylmer of Valence, by whom it was sold to David of Strathbolgie, Earl of Athol. One wonders whether his second wife found the money to repurchase the estates; anyhow he holds them in the beginning of Edward III.'s reign, only to lose them again by deed of gift to the King. Edward, shrewder than his father, stipulated in returning them that they should go to Warrenne's sister's husband, Fitzalan, Earl of Arundel. Fitzalan's son being attainted, Richard II. gave Castle Acre to Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk. But the Fitzalans were restored by Henry IV., and with them the place remained till Henry, their last male heir, sold it in 1540 to Sir T. Gresham for 2,000*l.* It was Henry's daughter who, by marrying a Duke of Norfolk, merged the Arundels in the Howards. Gresham sold Castle Acre to the Cecils, of whom it was bought by Lord Chief Justice Coke, the most famous of whose descendants, "old Tommy Coke," is credited with having allowed his 40*l.* freeholders to pick out the bewn stones from the priory to build their cottages. Happily the west front escaped. It had not escaped the fifteenth-century restorers, who marred the perfection of the Norman work by putting in a large Perpendicular window. Of the body of the church, of which the total length is 226 ft.,

there remain the walls of the transepts, part of the south nave wall abutting on the cloisters, and just enough of the bases of the pillars (cleared on occasion of an archaeological visitation some thirty years ago) to show their position and the dimensions of the whole. Of chancel and lady chapel the destruction is complete. How it was begun may be seen in the chapter-house, which must have been a singularly fine Norman room. It is now all pitted where the stones have been picked out, just one fragment of one of the arcades being left whereby to judge of what it once was. Of the conventual buildings a good deal remains in a rough shape. Indeed, Mr. C. P. Willins, a Norwich architect, has constructed a very complete plan, reproduced in Dr. Jessopp's pleasant paper, "Daily Life in a Mediaeval Monastery," in last January's *Nineteenth Century*. If he had distinguished the existing remains from those which have disappeared it would have been better. But, as it is, the visitor who can borrow the Rev. J. H. Bloom's book of just forty years ago will be amused at the difference between his conjectures, based on Forby's survey in 1810, and Mr. Willins's certainties. Thus Forby's locutorium is Willins's slype; his novice hall is the refectory; his refectory is cut up into calefactory, locutory, and forensic parlour. Mr. Bloom did see that, though he "hardly dares to contradict so able and experienced an antiquary," what Forby calls "the cellar with its bins complete" was really the latrines. The most notable change in Willins's plan, however, is the position of the "prior's lodge." Tradition and Forby-with-Bloom fix this outside the south-west angle, abutting on the western cloister. Here, besides lower rooms, are, upstairs, two vaulted chambers, one of which is traditionally the prior's chapel. Doubtless they were the guest-chambers, the tradition being, as is often the case, due to the earlier describers. The ground floor under them Willins parcels out between cellarer, pitancier, kitchener, &c., while he places the prior's apartment at the north end of the north transept. The priory had its own tile-kiln at Bawsey, where, between Norwich and Lynn, was the worst bit of road in the county; and of the glazed tiles of the chapter-house floor a few are to be seen, with other relics, in the farmhouse near the south-west angle. Architecturally the point to be noted is the Transition style of the west front, reminding one of St. Cross, &c. Towards the top of the south tower the work is almost Early English. The entrance gate is a fair sample of that moulded Tudor brick for which the county is famous, and of which the finest remains are at East Barham, near Walsingham, once the seat of the Fermors. Altogether, the fact that so typical a ruin should be so little known to ruin-visitors proves that they, like other people, are led away by fine scenery. The country round Castle Acre, though just of the kind to delight Gainsborough and the Cromes, cannot be called romantic. Hence, like many fine Irish ruins, notably Quin Abbey, in county Clare, the place has been overlooked, owing to the tameness of its surroundings; while far less perfect remains, with rock and moorland to set them off, are visited by everybody. Undoubtedly Castle Acre is worth a visit. Besides the castle and the priory, it has a fine church, Perpendicular grafted on Early English. The font-cover is a splendid specimen of light chestnut-wood tabernacle work, said to have been brought from the Priory Church, and far better than a similar example at East Dereham. There are also some very good remains of painting on the screen, and four of the pulpit panels (also said to have come from the priory, though a similar one exists at Burnham Norton, near Brancaster) represent the four preaching fathers, SS. Jerome, Augustine, Gregory, Ambrose. The importance of the town, which had its fair and mercate, is shown by the co-existence of such a large parish church with the priory church close by; and is partly explained by a socage manor of "500 acres arable and several of pasture," which probably represents the land held at the Conquest by one freeman, of which the yearly value in Domesday was 40s. It was long held by the Calybutts, whose chapel is the east end of the south aisle; and was not swallowed up by the Cokes till George I.'s reign.

As most of the Warrennes gave something to the priory, so most of the Calybutts appear as benefactors to the parish church, one of them willing a light for his "yere day," another endowing a light for ever before our Lady, and "if it is left unlighted the church reeves to take the land, and keep up the light." But the priory was far from being left to the munificence of the Warrennes. Entries like the following are common enough:—"Robert, Lord of Massingham magna, gave by advice of his wife in pure alms to the monks of the Priory of Acre, 10 acres of his demean with all the land his men had given or sold to the monks, with an herbergate, 2 curtilages," &c.; and they denote at least a readiness among the gentry of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries to give their land for their souls' good.

The fair and mercate were not worth much. The inquisition taken before the King's escheator in 21 Edward III. values them at 13s. 4d.; the pleas and perquisites at 60s.; the rent of assize, 13s. At that time, in that country, plough-land was 3d. an acre; pasture, 4d.; meadow, 12d. The vicar got the tithes of lamb, wool, hemp, and flax (the rectory tithes going to the priory). He had also the whole altarge, the Lent confessions, all legacies, and his daily præbend (provision) from the priory, besides one pension of 10s. 8d. and another of 4s. 10d. yearly. His only charge was to find 10 lb. of wax in the octave of Easter. Comparing Cotman's etchings with the actual state of the ruins, the visitor will regret how sadly neglect has been helped by vandalism. "It is intended (says Forby) to secure the upper part of the great window, now

in a state of much danger." This was not done; but those who have mourned over the yet greater desolation of Thetford and Walsingham will be thankful that so much remains at Castle Acre. There is this advantage in flint-rubble, it is not such a prize as hewn-stone; and hence much of the body of the Castle Acre buildings has been suffered to remain, though the skin has been peeled off.

THE VOYAGES TO LISBON AND KIÔTO.

MR. AUSTIN DOBSON, in his admirable *Fielding* of the "English Men of Letters" series, remarked that "the only thing which, at the moment, suggested itself to him for comparison with the *Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon* was the letter and dedication to the Conde de Lemos, which Cervantes wrote, for his last romance, *Persiles y Sigismunda*," just after he had, moribund, become a Franciscan friar; following those

Who, to be sure of Paradise,
Dying put on the weeds of Dominick,
Or in Franciscan think to pass disguised.

Pico della Mirandola did the same, dying and being buried in a Capuchin's cowl; and Naudé made an unfeeling joke upon the widely-spread custom. "Partir de ce monde," said he, "la tête étant ainsi froquée et encapuchonnée, c'est mourir in Domino." True Mr. Dobson had chiefly in view the fact of a last work of great excellence, written stoically under pathetic circumstances at death's door; and, even so, we might perhaps find a closer analogy to the natural and affecting production of Cervantes in Addison's touching dedication of his works to Craggs, written near the end of his last illness. But a more exact parallel from the more general literary standpoint could be found for the *Voyage to Lisbon*; if, indeed, we be content to travel some way for it—in distance, half round the globe; and in time, a matter of nine hundred years into the past. Thus may be described another masterpiece, the trifling, sad-humorous journal of a voyage, too—the *Tosa Diary* of the Japanese poet, politician, and man of letters, Ki no Tsurayuki.

Tsurayuki was a poet of considerable eminence, and wrote the famous preface to the *Kokinshû*, that anthology of ancient and modern Japanese poetry which, in collaboration with Ki no Tomonori, he compiled in A.D. 906, by command of the Mikado Daigo (898-930). This preface is the most perfect specimen extant of the pure native Japanese style, unmixed with Chinese affectations. He was also distinguished in the public service of his country. In the year he compiled the anthology he was made librarian to the Mikado; from 930 to 935 he was Governor of the province of Tosa in the island of Shikoku; in 945 he was made vice-president of public works, and he died in 946. As it may be said that he who has not read the *Voyage to Lisbon* knows not *Fielding*, so it is indubitable that to attain to a true estimate of Japanese literature a familiarity with Tsurayuki's works and style is absolutely indispensable.

The *Tosa Nikki*, or *Diary*, is the record of his monotonous, interminable coasting voyage back from Kokoku in Tosa, to the capital, Kiôto, a distance of perhaps four hundred miles—two hundred as the crow flies—which occupied fifty-five days. For, like *Fielding's Queen of Portugal*, which took forty-eight days to reach Lisbon, Tsurayuki's junk, too, was bewitched, and the winds would not blow fair. *Fielding's* Captain Richard Veal did not get beyond the assertion that he was under a spell. On the thirty-fourth day out from London, when he had got no further than Torbay,

Nothing remarkable happened; for as to the firm persuasion of the Captain that he was under the spell of witchcraft, I would not repeat it too often; though, indeed, he repeated it an hundred times every day. In truth he talked of nothing else, and seemed not only to be satisfied in general of his being bewitched, but actually to have fixed with good certainty on the person of the witch.

This witch was none other than the notorious and immortal Mrs. Francis herself—*Fielding's* virago landlady at Ryde. On Tsurayuki's thirty-fifth day, as they were rowing past a shrine on shore where it was usual to make offerings to the god of the sea, he desired the captain to offer *nusa*, or *gohai*, the twisted strips of white paper which are habitually hung in Shintô shrines, and which appear to have become the conventional substitute for primitive offerings of fabrics. These were cast into the air, and the wind carried them seaward in an easterly direction. The junk was at once headed to the same quarter, when, to the great joy of all, they found a favourable wind, sail was set, and a good day's run made. The modern sailor, at all events the Western one, is popularly believed to be in the habit of simply whistling, and from time to time wetting his finger, on such occasions. "On the forty-fourth day a gale sprang up opposite Sumiyoshi in the Ozaka river, and *nusa* were again offered; this time with the reverse intention of calming the wind; but the god of Sumiyoshi was stubborn, and the danger became imminent. Said the captain:—

"As the adorable heart of the god is not to be moved by *nusa*, offer him something else in which he will be well pleased." Yielding willingly to this counsel, I thought with myself what I could best offer. "Of eyes I have a pair, but of mirrors only one. Then let us give the god the mirror, which is twice as rare as an eye." Accordingly, to my very great regret, the mirror was flung into the sea; but, lo! no sooner had I thrown it than the sea itself became smooth as a looking-glass.

Fielding's bowls of punch with Captain Veal, and the "wind—a liquor of English manufacture," which figured in Mrs. Francis's

hills, are duly recorded. So is Tsurayuki's *sake* or rice-raki. When going on board he was escorted by crowds of friends, who brought with them parting presents of the eatable and drinkable kind. The result, in his own words, was that, "strange to say, here we were all fresh by the shore of the salt sea!" Whereupon the departure of the little vessel was deferred for six days, which were devoted to junketting instead, until the presents were consumed, when Tsurayuki paid a visit to his successor, with whom he spent a whole day and night drinking and verse-making. The Governor and the ex-Governor then bade each other farewell with many cordial but tipsy expressions of goodwill. But that was not all. The junk was waylaid by the new Governor's brother at the point which sheltered its first anchorage, and politeness forced Tsurayuki to land, and again "drop into poetry" and "float his powerful mind" in the national drink. The muse, to put it mildly, was, however, getting a little knocked out of time. It took the united efforts of two of the party, says Tsurayuki, to concoct one bad verse. "We were like a couple of fishermen tottering along under the heavy load of a dripping net." The master of the junk put an end to the symposium by announcing a fair wind, oddly enough, says the diarist, just as it was discovered that there was no more *sake*. That "poor creature," as the wild Prince says to Poins of small beer—and, indeed, *sake* is but a very poor creature—remained scarce for some time, and Tsurayuki records that the last jar of it, which he had carefully stowed away in the roof of the cabin, unluckily went overboard in a roll of the junk. The *Voyage to Lisbon*, which, like that from Tosa, was for the most part a mere riding at anchor, contains frequent mention of Fielding's trading for fresh provisions from the shore and for fish. "Very large soles at fourpence a pair, and whittings of almost a preposterous size at ninepence a score," and so on. Tsurayuki also, who had no copper cash on board, one fast-day bartered rice for a *tai*—the salmon of Japan; a kind of *pagrus*, called *steenbrassen* by the Dutch—and this was the beginning of a trade between him and the sailors; rice and *sake*, which had again become plentiful, being exchanged for fish. But one of the distinguishing notes of Fielding's effortless masterpiece consists in the unintrusive pathos which he always masks with as quiet a humorousness, as gently as the robins covered up the babes in the wood. How often will the opening passages of his *Diary* be quoted:—

Wednesday, June 25, 1754.—On this day, the most melancholy sun I had ever beheld, arose and found me awake at my house at Fordhook. By the light of this sun I was, in my own opinion, last to behold and take leave of some of those creatures on whom I doted with a mother-like fondness, guided by nature and passion, and uncured and unhardened by all the doctrine of that philosophical school where I had learned to bear pains and to despise death. In this situation, as I could not conquer nature, I submitted entirely to her, and she made as great a fool of me as she had ever done of any woman whatsoever. Under pretence of giving me leave to enjoy she drew me in to suffer the company of my little ones during eight hours, and I doubt not whether in that time I did not undergo more than in all my distemper.

Tsurayuki, too, writes in a precisely similar vein. While he was governing Tosa his little girl of nine years old had died. On the eighth day of his voyage he alludes to this, and says that in all the bustle of leaving port nothing was thought of but her; and some one, he says, composed a stanza at the time. She was born in Miako (the capital), as Kiôto is constantly called, and the following is the sense of the verse:—"Home to Miako! But that welling cheer is dashed by the lonesome thought that there is One who never, never will be home again!" On the forty-second day the beach is seen to be strewn with beautiful shells, and in a graceful stanza he asks the waves to cast up to those who are left sorrowing the *wasure-gai*, the fabulous "shell of oblivion." When he eventually lands, he finishes his journey in one of the lacquered bullock-carriages which were then confined to the *kuge*, or nobles, such as Tsurayuki was. As he goes along the streets he remarks that the children's toys and sweets in the shops were looking just as they did when he went away some years before—a little touch of infinite delicacy—and then he wonders whether he will find his friends, too, as unchanged. He gets home at length at night.

The full moon was shining brilliantly as I entered the gateway, so that the condition of the place was plainly to be seen. It was decayed—nay, ruined beyond description—worse even than I had been told. The man in whose care I had left it was in a scarcely less dilapidated condition himself. The fence between his house and mine was broken down, so that the grounds of both seemed one; and I think he must have fulfilled his charge by merely now and then looking in through the gaps. In one spot there was the semblance of a pond where rain had collected in a hollow, by the side of which stood what had been a pine tree; but it had now lost half its limbs, and looked as if centuries had passed over it during the five or six years of my absence! Among other sad thoughts that rose unbidden was the memory—ah, how pitiful!—of one who was born in that house, and who left it with me, but, alas! not to return. Some of my fellow-travellers [his suite, no doubt] were conversing cheerfully, with their children in their arms; but I— I cannot write down all my many souvenirs and sorrows. Be it for good or for evil, here I fling away my pen.

It is, in reality, nothing less than curious how far in many directions this parallel can be carried. Fielding prefixed to his *Voyage* an Introduction, in which he details how the last straw, the final extra effort which reduced him to the decayed state in which he sought Lisbon to die—for he expired within two months of his arrival—was the hunting down in a short time of the "gang of villains and cut-throats" who had recently committed five different murders in London within the space of a week. On the thirtieth day of Tsurayuki's journey those on board the junk were disturbed by a fresh cause of anxiety, worse than the want or the

excess of wind or of provisions—the fear of pirates. During Tsurayuki's governorship he had been driven to dealing very severely with these pirates, and it was believed they would now try and have a return game. But here, in order to show how formidable these pirates could be, and to justify Tsurayuki's apprehensions—which have been set down as groundless fright by some of his native commentators, who ought to have known better—a dusty scrap of history must be fitted in. In 940, five years after Tsurayuki's journey, one of the most famous characters of ancient Japan, Sumitomo, was Governor of Iyo, the province which abuts on Tosa. When Taira no Masakado rebelled—the only one who has ever aspired to usurp the authority of the Mikado—he, acting in the eastern provinces, was abetted in the western by Sumitomo, who united under his banner the very swarms of pirates of the Shikoku coast with whom Tsurayuki had had to reckon. With their aid, Sumitomo took possession of the provinces of Iyo, Awa and Sanuki, and threw Kiôto into disorder and affright. The General Tsunemoto—who, with his brother Tsunenari, subsequently founded the long famous family of Gen or Minamoto—was sent against Sumitomo. He burnt the pirates' junks with fire-ships, and seized Sumitomo and his son, who were beheaded. Meanwhile the Generals Hidesato and Sadamori had overcome and slain Masakado, and the dangerous rebellion was at an end. Tsurayuki lived to see all this, and it was no shame to him to have been uneasy about the pirates he knew so well. On the thirty-second day he has general prayers to the Shintô and Buddhist gods—the *kami* and the *hotoke*—for deliverance; on the days following there were constant alarms, and on the thirty-fifth day they heard they were pursued, and weighed anchor at midnight—an unheard-of proceeding for a Japanese junk in those days, and even now uncommon—and put to sea. It was on this occasion that the first offering of paper-strips augured a favourable wind, as before narrated.

Mr. Dobson remarks upon the "mingling of humour and dignity which is Fielding's chief characteristic"; and it is very true that he is ever witty but masculine; he employs drollery and even broad farce without giving way to it; he descends to nothing, but rather uplifts humour and even gross banter to his own classic level; and never was the "be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar" of Polonius better exemplified. One fancies one can trace the self-same qualities, with a difference, in Tsurayuki's *jeu d'esprit*—which is of some length, too, filling a couple of volumes—but the thing is a trifle after all. It has none of Fielding's weight; and, indeed, it should not be forgotten that Tsurayuki, the grave politician, to justify its frivolousness, used the literary artifice of writing his *Diary* in the character of a woman, as he took care to announce in its very first sentence.

MALARIA.

SOME time ago we called attention to the researches of Professor Klebs and Professor Tommasi-Crudeli as to the nature and origin of malarious fever, and more particularly to the archaeological investigations of the latter physiologist with regard to the problem why vast districts, once fully peopled and sometimes the chosen holiday resorts of the wealthy, are now fever-stricken deserts. Excavations, carefully conducted within the last few years, have now put it beyond a doubt that from beyond the earliest times of which history gives any record a vast system of subsoil drainage, of which the very tradition was afterwards lost, existed in Rome and in the Campagna. That it must have been carried out in prehistoric times is clear from the fact that otherwise so vast an undertaking could not fail to have been described by Roman writers or to have found its place in Roman folklore. The excavations rendered necessary by the building of new streets in Rome, and others made in the Campagna with a view to test the accuracy of the hypothesis in question, have shown that a complete system of subsoil drainage at one time there existed. But it is only through recent scientific research, and the detection of the microscopic germ to which malaria is due, that the archaeological and the physiological evidence have confirmed one another. We have now two witnesses in court—witnesses of the most different sorts, and both, so far as can at present be judged, unimpeachable—and they both tell the same tale.

Let us briefly recall to the memory of our readers the substance of our former article. The soil of Rome and the Campagna rests for the most part on a substratum of tufa. The moisture which passes through the upper soil when it comes down to the tufa has accordingly no natural means of escape. Now, according to experts, the conditions which render the malarious germ active (and without which it remains dormant, even if it does not die) are three. First a moderate, but not excessive amount of moisture; secondly, a certain degree of temperature; and, thirdly, a plentiful supply of oxygen. The first condition is fulfilled by the damp soil, which the layer of tufa underneath does not permit to be drained otherwise than artificially; the second is fulfilled by the hot sun of Italy; the third by the upturning of the soil which agriculture, or building, or the construction of roads and railways renders necessary. The prehistoric inhabitants of Latium and Tuscany, though they knew nothing of bacteria and bacilli, found that by "canalizing" the tufa—which, though it retains water, can be pierced with a penknife—they were able to live in districts now uninhabitable, and which were no doubt uninhabitable before they tried the experiment. The nature of the

material they had to deal with made their work easy; and thus we find a system of small drains leading into wider ones, and these again into larger channels still. Whether, under the changed economic conditions of modern life, the same method can be revived and be made to pay, it is impossible to tell. History gives us no help in the question. Perhaps the work was done by some aboriginal and enslaved race at the bidding of their conquerors; and it may prove as impracticable to do it over again on business principles as it would be to rebuild the Pyramids. But this time will show. The main fact to be noted is that it was once done, and that districts in which the Roman patrician had his villa, and where he drove out from the smoke and wealth and noise of the capital to enjoy the pure air of the country, are now hotbeds of disease.

As the re-establishment of any such system of drainage is, at least for the present, altogether impossible, the question arises as to whether the problem cannot be dealt with in another manner—that is to say, by rendering the human body as far as possible impervious to the attacks of the malarial germ. This question was treated at length by Professor Tommasi-Crudeli, to whom we have already referred, and who is one of the first, if not the first, living authority on the subject, at the International Medical Congress held last year at Copenhagen. The matter is one of vital importance to those countries in which malaria prevails. So far as statistical evidence goes, it is estimated that in Italy from twenty to twenty-five per cent. of the normal day's work which should be done by the population is lost through this disease. Many die of it when it assumes an acute form; but in the great majority of cases the patient is either disabled for a time, and then recovers, or else, which is the more common case, the disease takes a milder but a chronic form. The labourer is not kept to his bed, but he can only work half time, and he cannot do even this with vigour and spirit. In the keen competition of modern industrial life a nation that is thus handicapped has to look about for a remedy; and, though no sure prophylactic has as yet been discovered, much has been done by discussion and experiment to show that in the course of time the evil may be cured or greatly alleviated. The idea of those who are investigating the subject is to discover some substance, harmless or wholesome in itself, which will counteract the effect of the malarial germ in the human system. Quinine has this result; but there are two objections to the use of quinine. In the first place, it is exceedingly dear and cannot be bought in sufficient quantities by the poor. And, in the next, its physiological effects on the nervous system, especially on the senses of sight and hearing, are such that, invaluable as it may be in cases of acute malaria, it cannot be used in chronic cases without the danger of the remedy becoming as bad as the disease. There are instances in which the patient has greatly preferred the fever to the medicine which would have kept it off.

Professor Tommasi-Crudeli begins his paper by dispelling the old and till lately inveterate prejudice that malaria is due to "marshy" exhalations. As a matter of fact, there are vast marshy districts scattered all over the world in which malaria is not known to occur, and there are other districts where nothing "marshy" can be found in which the disease prevails. The very name of "malaria," which has been for centuries in use in all parts of Italy, whether lying low or high, is in itself a disproof of the superstitions of medical empirics. The fact that malaria is often to be found in marshy districts led to the conclusion that marshes were the cause of malaria, and that certain chemical reactions which take place in lands so situated produce the disease. The fact, as shown by repeated experiment, is that in marshy regions it is only the ground partly soaked with water which gives the germ its vitality, and which enables it, helped by the warmth of the sun and the currents of the air, to rise from the ground, and to become, when inhaled and domesticated in the human body, the enemy that it is to the life and health of men.

The chemical theory of the production of malaria being rejected both by the results attained by historical and physiological experts, and the germ theory being accepted, the question arises as to the means by which the evil can be for the time best combated, in default of better arrangements which may be devised for the future. The experiments hitherto made have no pretence to finality. Arsenic has for some years been used in cases where quinine fails; and it has the advantage over quinine that it can be taken in small quantities for a long time without doing any appreciable harm to the patient, and sometimes, apart from its curative effects with regard to the particular disease, with a good result on his general health. But arsenic has a bad name, and as it must be administered cautiously, it will be very hard to convince an ignorant agricultural population in offering them doses of it that they are taking what is good for them. The remedies which the popular imagination gets hold of seem in the long run to be the best—not that they are in themselves any better than or so good as other, but that people will take them willingly. Quinine, or, as it was first called, Jesuit's bark, was originally a merely empirical medicine. The decoction of lemon, which Professor Tommasi-Crudeli suggests as an alternative prophylactic against malaria, may or may not prove successful. It is only as an experiment, though an experiment already borne out by many beneficial results, that he has brought it forward. The subject, however, is still so much in the preliminary stage of controversy that it would be premature to express any definite opinion upon it. Nor do those who are most active in working out the subject wish it to be understood that their conclusions are final.

Among the many supposed cures for malaria, the most popular of all has been the Eucalyptus. An essence made from this tree

is imagined to give immunity from the disease, and the planting of the tree is said to free the district from it. The experiment has been tried both naturally and artificially. In parts of Australia, where the Eucalyptus is indigenous, malarious fevers prevail. Near Rome, at the "Tre Fontane," where the trees have been grown with a special view to settle the matter, both the monks who inhabit the monastery and the workmen whom they employ have suffered as much as others. In one summer, when the Campagna was comparatively free from malaria, the inhabitants and servants of the "Tre Fontane" suffered more than the rest. This is sufficient proof, till rebutting evidence is forthcoming, that the Eucalyptus is not the charm against malaria which it has been represented to be. The truth is that it is only the recently-developed theory of the disease, combined with the historical investigations that have accompanied it, which have enabled us to understand the enemy, and to begin to form a practical conception of the means by which it is to be fought. The year before last Professor Tommasi-Crudeli advised the Italian Government to drain and cover with turf the grounds of the Palazzo Salviati on the Lungara, where the new military college now stands; and this was done. The result was that no cases of malarious fever occurred; while on the other side of the road there were several that ended fatally. This is one of those lucky accidents by which in a particular case the needful work can be done. But it does not represent the important work which those most interested in the matter have set before them. To study the question thoroughly, and to protect the human organism either by some system of drainage which shall disarm the foe, or by some system of internal regimen which will render us strong enough to resist him, is the aim of the active and brilliant school of Italian physiologists to which we have referred. Their labours, though useful most of all to their own country, will have a value in all parts of the world where malarious fever exists.

THE VISION OF THE MISSING LINK.

HE had a prehistoric air,
The parent of our race,
As some tragedian's was the glare
He fixed upon my face.

"Behold your ancestor!" he groaned,
In accents somewhat grim,
And half I wished I had not owned
An ancestor like him.

"I am no trick of Maskelyne,
Devised to talk and think;
No human origin is mine—
I am the Missing Link!"

"Phantom," I said, "your words are vain,
Haunt not a sage reflective;
You are a vision of the brain,
Subjective, not objective.

"The airy medium beguile,
The 'Psychical' distress;
But think not, with unmeaning wile,
To hoax an F.R.S."

He should have vanished from my side,
Yet did not fade nor shrink.
"Oh, subtle intellect!" he cried,
"I am the Missing Link!"

"A nation lost to human ken,
We vanquished all our foes
Before the Prehistoric men
Upon our ruin rose.

"And how we fought and overcame
No bygone record hints,
Nor how they routed us—ah, shame!—
With their confounded flints.

"Yet on their race in that dark hour
We laid a parting ban,
'That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.'

"At every time, in every place,
For heart and hand and brain,
Even now upon the conquering race
I see the curse remain.

"I see youth's kindly impulse fade
Before its fatal stress;
I see the law of Profit made
The law of Righteousness.

"I mark, and with a fiendish glee
I chuckle all I can,
Perpetuated here I see
The Prehistoric Man!"

"Phantom," I said, "you simply bore;
Into your dust retire.
Shall we, who Ruskin can ignore,
Of Missing Links inquire?"

"Your temper is depraved; your views
Are Radical in tone.
Go!—on your own demerits muse,
And leave our age alone.

"Are there no spirits brave and pure,
And true of heart and brain?
Strong in whose honour, I abjure
The old barbaric stain."

The vision crouched and cowered away
As if in sore distress,
And shuddering answered, "Oh, you may!
You are an F.R.S.

"Yet"—as he faded from my view
The parting murmur ran—
"Yet shall the multitude renew
The Prehistoric Man."

REVIEWS.

GEORGE ELIOT'S LIFE.*

THERE are some books the total impression of which on minds even in a moderate degree accomplished and competent must be of necessity almost identical, and of such books Mr. Cross's Life of George Eliot seems to be an eminent example. There is much, no doubt, to be said against the practice—now an established one—of hurrying reviews of important books into daily newspapers at the very moment of their appearance. But it has this advantage, that the impression given to the public is of necessity to a great extent genuine and *prime-sautier*; there is no time for second thoughts, for comparison with other people, for hedging and harmonizing. George Eliot herself, who hated reviewers (with an energy which may or may not have been due to the fact that, to borrow a pleasant jest from Mr. Punch, "she once kep' a table herself"), would, we fear, scarcely have been reconciled to them by their reception of her Life. We who have read the book at leisure, and have approached it with, perhaps, less *parti-pris* than some of its other readers, frankly admit that there are few books in which one cast of the reviewer's office is less necessary. It needs hardly any interpretation; the general meaning and conclusion of it jump to the eyes.

Mr. Cross has been complimented and reproached by turns for having exercised on his wife's papers the censorship which Mr. Froude refused to exercise on Mr. Carlyle's. We have his own word that he has omitted much; but that that much would have satisfied lovers of scandal and ill-nature, or that it would have exhibited George Eliot in any other light than that in which the actual book exhibits her, we do not for a moment believe. The fact is that, short of positive garbling by insertion, by twisting, or by omission of contexts, it is impossible to publish three volumes almost entirely composed as these are of autobiographic matter not originally intended for the general eye, and yet to disguise the writer's faults. The documents speak too clearly, and whatever Mr. Cross may have left out, or whatever he may have "edited," it is perfectly certain that these volumes give to any competent student of human nature George Eliot as she was. Of the *facture* of the book we need say but little. It is, as has been said, almost exclusively composed of letters and journals tied together by a sufficient but very sparingly used thread of editorial comment. As a matter of practical convenience, it is a pity that Mr. Cross has used the same type for comment and text, the effect, despite a slight indenting of the comment, being occasionally, and indeed frequently, misleading. As for his judgment as editor, he has sinned rather by insertion than omission. It surely must have been a trial, and we think an unnecessary trial, to him to print his wife's expression of satisfaction at "feeling daily the loveliness of his [Mr. Cross's] nature close to her." A very high testimonial to Mr. Cross's nature, no doubt; but editorial modesty and general *respect humain* surely called for the postponement of its publication, at least to Mr. Cross's, let us hope, long-distant tombstone. Yet it must be admitted that the phrase is the keynote to a great deal of personal utterance which can only be called gush, and which, though it will be highly distasteful to some readers and perhaps not quite intelligible to others, is one of the most noteworthy things in the book. One other not very pleasant subject we may as well mention at once and get over. For Mr. Cross's treatment of the connexion between Mary Ann Evans and George Henry Lewes we have no blame, and indeed very little comment; he has got himself out of a difficult situation very well. George Eliot's own attitude towards her conduct is briefly but significantly exhibited here, and simply condenses into little the curious paradox (some cynical people say the amusing inconsistency) of a woman who for years inculcated the sternest submission of inclination to duty in her books, and practically illustrated her principles by living all the time with another woman's husband. For ourselves, we like no part so little as that of the "unco guid." George Eliot stood or fell to her own master, not to us. But we shall only say that, when third persons speak of "Mrs. Lewes," of "husband," of "wife," and so forth, in reference to this connexion,

they not only debase the moral currency, but, taking the matter out of debatable points, endorse a deliberate literary and historical falsification. It is no more true that the author of *Adam Bede* was Mrs. Lewes than it is true that the author of *Adam Bede* was Mr. Liggins.

Of the actual events of George Eliot's not very eventful life these volumes tell little that was not known before, but as a commentary on her works they are simply invaluable. They contain, perhaps, no information which a literary critic of the first class could not get out of those works themselves with the aid of the clue afforded by the antecedent knowledge of the general facts of her life. But they confirm, supplement, and illuminate that information in a most remarkable degree. The motto and moral of the whole Mr. Cross has himself given, quite unawares, in a chance phrase relating to his wife's conduct in society. "She took things," he says, "too seriously." That is exactly what she did all through, if we may be permitted a vernacular idiom in speaking of a mistress of the idiomatic vernacular. It may seem a wild absurdity to say that George Eliot's fault was lack of humour in presence of the abundance of that quality which floods her works from *Adam Bede* to *Theophrastus Such*, illuminating and relieving even the lifeless bulk of *Daniel Deronda*. But we must be permitted to fall back on the memorable answer of Mr. Jolliffe when he arbitrated on the dispute between Mr. Midshipman Easy and the gunner. "These things," said that good and wise master's mate, were "parallels and not parallels." So, also, the humourist of the Poyzers and the Gleggs, of Mr. Brooke and Mrs. Holt, of the man-servant in *Theophrastus*, and the character-description of Grandcourt in *Deronda*, was George Eliot and not George Eliot. The theory of the double essence—of the attendant *lutin*, as Molière put it, if anybody likes that better—has never been illustrated so thoroughly. The George Eliot of the better part of the novels knew "the humour cure that saves the life of man" well and wisely. The George Eliot of the rest of the novels, and, as far as we can make out, of the whole actual life, except at the rarest intervals, seems to have been as ignorant of humour as the typical Dissenting class-leader, whom in her letters and part of her published writings she resembles in every point except that her kirk was of the other complexion. The way in which these volumes are saturated with what may be called the cant of Freethinking, the goody-goodness of irreligion, the unctious of the anti-supernatural, the gush of Positivism and Nihilism, might be disagreeable if it were not so extremely interesting. The moral and intellectual atmosphere is that of the class-room and the tea-party, only that the experiences are anti-Christian and the proceedings are opened with a chapter of Strauss instead of a chapter of the Bible. A very curious incident noticed here is that Miss Evans translated the Crucifixion and Resurrection part of the *Leben Jesu* with a crucifix before her as a relief to the disgust of her subject—an instance of feminine logic which is probably unparalleled. Indeed, the whole book shows how impressionable, how emotional, how illogical, how feminine she was. In an Evangelical milieu she was strongly Evangelical. Transferred to the little Freethinking coterie of Hennells, Brays, Brabants, &c., she exchanged the matter of her evangelicism for unbelief, retaining its manner. It will probably provoke screams from her admirers, but we say hardly that if at the time when she fell under Lewes's male influence she had fallen under the male influence of an orthodox Churchman she would probably have been a pillar of the faith and a brand plucked from the burning. The person whom superficial critics long took to be the most masculine of her sex was a very woman.

Of her literary life many curious glimpses are here given. Many things have been said of Mr. Lewes's cleverness, but there is perhaps hardly anything in which he showed so much of that quality as in his training of George Eliot. We mean nothing derogatory. His affection for her is not questionable, and there is something very creditable in the way in which, after being an independent man of letters patronizing a promising literary aspirant, he accepted the position of literary assistant and man of business to a writer of genius. But, as we have said, he did train his distinguished companion, not at all in the sense of educating her, but in the sense of arranging her circumstances so as best to suit the production of her novels. The hothouse kind of life which she preferred and which he enabled her to enjoy, the fending off of adverse and distasteful criticism, the submission (which to a man of decidedly sociable and rather Bohemian tastes like Lewes must have been a real sacrifice) to long periods of solitude *à deux*, formed, as far as we can judge, the only course of treatment which could have enabled this nervous, delicate, and curiously constituted competitor to win the Novel Stakes time after time as she did. With another course of treatment she might have been a healthier-minded woman, and her books, if they had appeared, might have been healthier books; but it may be very strongly doubted whether they would have appeared at all.

Of the peculiarities which Lewes had to consider, the already referred to hatred of reviewers and reviewing is perhaps the most remarkable. Most writers, no doubt, have felt towards our mystery (the fact that they have generally themselves belonged to it making no difference) after the fashion expressed pleasantly enough by a late member of the University of Oxford when he was asked to subscribe to the establishment of a new critical journal. "This," he said, "is rather too like the practice of Marshal Haynau, who used to flog women and send in a bill for the expenses of the proceeding to their relations." Not ours is it to discuss the reasonableness of the attitude in general. But

* *George Eliot's Life*. By J. A. Cross. 3 vols. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons. 1885.

in very few writers was it ever so pronounced and so systematic as in George Eliot. Despite her companion's care to keep the accursed thing away from her, or only to give access to laudatory notices acceptable in manner (for George Eliot, like another distinguished writer, "could not forgive the praise" when it was not the particular praise she wanted), she never seems to have got over her criticophobia. Probably, indeed, her ignorance of what critics did actually say made her more fearful of the divers and disgusting things which she imagined them to be saying. But it is clear that the secret of her objection was not mere *amour propre*, or, to speak more correctly, was not *amour propre* only. It was the fatal and feminine idea of a mission which pursued her, and which made her look at adverse critics not as at possibly mistaken tasters of a work of art, but as good or bad men who sympathized or did not sympathize with her gospel. She was constantly expostulating directly or indirectly with the "average man" and the "dull man" who would not understand, and it is characteristic enough to find her praising an industrious compiler of a Book of Beauties from her work as having taken the "right" passages and the "right" ideas "in relation to the author's feeling and purpose." A less immediately explicable and less agreeable feature (for critic-hating is even to critics a human and pardonable weakness) is her complaints of readers who borrow her books instead of buying them. She, at least, had surely no reason to complain of insufficient pecuniary rewards. But here, no doubt, it is the same curious *amour propre* of a peculiar kind that is wounded, and not a mere desire of gain.

We have left unnoticed some traits of the book which would need long comment, such as the singular unhappiness, not wholly or even mainly explicable, by bad health, which seems to have haunted George Eliot in the midst of immense reputation, of ample means, of the society of the man she loved, of a life entirely *à sa guise*. This unhappiness seems to have been positively greater than Carlyle's, though it is less abundantly and in a less stentorian fashion bewailed to gods and men. But, as we began, so we may end by remarking that the morals of this interesting and singular biography are written so that he who runs may read. The reader for the story will not get far; the reader in search of a curious literary and psychological study partly divined already, and now fully unfolded, will not miss a word.

RHYMES À LA MODE.*

THE poetic reputation of Mr. Lang was established by his singular and happy skill in the composition of ballades. In the last century these bright and finished poems would have been styled occasional, for such excursions into the fields of poetry by one who has achieved remarkable distinction in prose are diversions rather than spontaneous lyrical manifestations. In *Rhymes à la Mode*, however, we find fresh evidence that Mr. Lang is not to be considered a poet by accident, as Prior observed of himself, nor classed with the few great prose authors who have produced memorable, though occasional, verse. There are several poems that in no sense come within the scope of the title; that are nowise modish, or written in any fashion deliberate or studied. These demand separate consideration, as they demonstrate that the author of *Helen of Troy* is a poet in a more comprehensive sense than the composition of ballades implies. The special attraction the ballade has for Mr. Lang has its counterpart in his prose writings, particularly in his recent researches into the origin and universality of popular myths. His attitude towards the dim prehistoric past and towards the classical poetry of Greece is precisely alike; he is far less concerned with a dead past, its pathos and enigmatic problems, than in vitalizing it with the manifold resources of a rich and profound culture. To discover in it material suggestive of quaint and humorous application to modern society is assuredly to exercise a poetic function. The scientist as a maker of poetry is a novel figure in our literature. This strange conjunction is strikingly exhibited in the "Ballade of the Primitive Jest," in the morality "Man and the Ascidian," and in the ingenious and witty parabasis in the manner of Aristophanes, "The Barbarous Bird-Gods." In these the spirit of modernism and science is conformed to the poetic; the poems have an antique guise and the forms of the past, with a present and piquant signification. Their humour lies in the recondite and incongruous association of ideas, while in the Aristophanic poem it is further complicated by much erudite allusion. These poems form a class by themselves, and are among Mr. Lang's happiest efforts. Their interest is not transient nor their humour and style merely *à la mode*; in future ages they will supply the curious critic with the most moving and picturesque illustration of our times and society. While other poets moralize their song by seeking lessons in the wayside flower and the familiar things of nature, Mr. Lang, with a humour untouched by cynicism, deduces a grave moral in his parallel of "Man and the Ascidian." The melancholy oncoming of age is depicted with stern and unflattering truth in this new version of an ancient theme:—

To Habit we
Affix ourselves and are not free;
Th' Ascidian's rooted to a rock,
And we are bond-slaves of the clock;
Our rocks are Medicine—Letters—Law,
From these our heads we cannot draw;
Our loves drop off, our hearts drop in,
And daily thicker grows our skin.

* *Rhymes à la Mode*. By Andrew Lang, Author of "XXXII Ballades in Blue China" &c. London: Kegan Paul & Co. 1884.

Ah, scarce we live, we scarcely know
The wide world's moving ebb and flow,
The clanging currents ring and shock,
But we are rooted to the rock.
And then at ending of his span,
Blind, deaf, and indolent, doth Man
Revert to the Ascidian.

With respect to the ballades it is superfluous to insist on their excellence. The sustained freshness and facility of composition so studied and artificial in form are remarkable. Criticism of them inevitably becomes the expression of individual partiality except with those who are possessed, as Johnson remarked of Warburton, with the rage for saying something when there is nothing to be said. Their instant recognition was due to something more than Mr. Lang's technical mastery in an obsolete form. Such skilful examples of happy and intuitive art are quite detached from all other species of artificial poetry; their metrical form is felt to be the natural vehicle of Mr. Lang's whimsical fancy, something secondary to their poetic qualities, their light and bright touches of humour, surprising turns, exquisite finish, and delicate handling. The most admirable among them attain the rare distinction of isolation; in the whole range of the courtly and dainty Restoration poetry, or in modern *vers de société*, we find nothing more indisputably individual.

To the many who know Mr. Lang chiefly as a writer of ballades it will be a surprise to note the fuller measure of his lyrical powers in poems of less arbitrary form. The dreamy beauty of "The Fortunate Isles," the charm and melody of "The Last Maying," the suggestive and haunting sadness of "Love the Vampire," are touched with something of the rapture and inspiration inseparable from unforced lyrical work. The last poem is an impressive and sympathetic rendering of an old theme. It tells of two who attempt to bury light Love between them, and separate little thinking of the vengeful past; but Love visits them as a vampire, and they are for ever tantalized by visions:—

Thenceforth in dreams must we
Each other's shadow see
Wandering unsatisfied in empty lands,
Still the desired face
Fleets from the vain embrace,
And still the shape evades the longing hands.

A little poem called "Romance," as dainty and airy as aught in the volume, we reserve for special notice, because we have returned to it again and again with never-failing pleasure. Such work is apt to be overlooked; it is so slight in appearance, so graceful and facile, and its highly-wrought art is utterly distinct from dexterous skill. The mystery and atmosphere and colour of romance are combined with the perfection of a vignette; the vague charm of the romantic co-exists with the precision and finish of a definition. It gives, in brief, the ideal presentment of romance in one romantic scene, definitely portrayed, preserving the dubious atmosphere and intangible charm.

ROMANCE.

My love dwelt in a Northern land.
A grey tower in a forest green
Was hers, and far on either hand
The long wash of the waves was seen,
And leagues on leagues of yellow sand,
And woven forest boughs between.
And through the silver Northern night
The sunset slowly died away,
And herds of strange deer, lily-white,
Stole forth among the branches grey;
About the coming of the light
They fled like ghosts before the day!
I know not if the forest green
Still girdles round that castle grey;
I know not if the boughs between
The white deer vanish ere the day;
Above my Love the grass is green,
My heart is colder than the clay!

This delightful little poem was suggested, Mr. Lang tells us, by a passage in E. de Goncourt's *La Faustin*, "a curious moment of poetry in a repulsive piece of *naturalisme*." As a fine example of poetic transmutation, it may be compared with the most successful of the author's translations—the Sonnets after Apuleius and Pausanias and the Third Idyl of Theocritus. In these the process of translation is a true alchemy, a condensation of the finer qualities of the original within the sonnet's "scanty plot of ground."

TALKING PARROTS.*

STORIES about parrots grow more and more wonderful in proportion to their want of authenticity. In this respect they very closely resemble epitaphs. In reality your expert story-teller and epitaph-monger always gives you chapter and verse. The epitaph is on the grave of an old servant of his paternal grandmother. The bird belongs to his wife's first cousin once removed, or to "our rector's sister down in the country, you know." To some such source we owe the famous parrot-and-monkey episode, and many another; but the bare truth, as a rule, is more effective than the best improvement on it. What can be finer than the following? It has the pungency of a Bewick vignette. A young couple went away from home for some weeks; on their return they

* *Parrots in Captivity*. By W. T. Greene, M.A., M.D., &c. Vol. II. London: Bell & Son. 1885.

The Speaking Parrots. By Karl Russ. London: Gill. 1884.

parrot repeated several times, "Let's have another bottle; there's no one here to know," proceeding to sound the appropriate "plop" and gurgle. This is true. How the servants must have loved the clever bird! Here is another, also strictly true and unembellished:—Mr. "Blank of Blank," in Yorkshire, had a fever about Christmas-time, and his parrot was taken from the dining-room to the kitchen for greater quiet. It remained there several weeks, during which it stole the raisins intended for a plum-pudding. The cook in anger threw some hot grease at it and scalded its head. When Mr. Blank got better the parrot's cage was taken upstairs again. Mr. Blank, with newly-shaved head, approached. The parrot turned one eye upon him, and said, slowly, "You bald-headed ruffian! So you stole the cook's plums!" Dr. Greene describes a couple of Festive Amazons, which used to converse with each other in Portuguese. "They regularly answered each other, and occasionally sang and laughed aloud, so that they were often taken for human beings by persons who had not seen them." A Ring-necked Parakeet, though its voice is small and shrill, is sometimes a better talker than even a Grey parrot, and one has been known to make the correct answers to a long string of questions. This is a rare accomplishment, and was only acquired through the unwearied assiduity of an officer on board ship, who kept the bird in his cabin. It performed best when wakened out of its sleep at night. Unfortunately there was nothing amusing in the little catechism. A very small Grey, in a London house, goes through a long performance, in which speaking only plays a secondary part; but, when he is put into a closed coal-box, he imitates a postman's knock, and when you say "Who's there?" he replies, quite clearly, "Open the door for Polly." It is obvious, therefore, that Cuvier was wrong when he asserted "that these imitative and mechanical qualities are not to be attributed to superior reason or sagacity," as he is also in saying that the imitation "which an animal can acquire, being totally physical, perishes with the individual." No one tries to teach a greyhound to retrieve or a bulldog to set. It is not worth while; a born setter or retriever hardly requires teaching. "Bon chat chasse de race." Dr. Greene notes on Cuvier's opinion that he has possessed parrots and known others that seemed to attach a definite meaning to certain sounds. Thus a cockatoo never asked for potatoes except when dinner was on the table, and never said, "Oh! you're a beauty" except to a child. There may have been some appropriateness in the mind of Dean Stanley's parrot on a memorable occasion. While the lamented Dean was a canon at Canterbury, a gentleman who was invited to breakfast found all the servants assembled in the garden gazing up at a laburnum in which the parrot was at large. At that moment the canon came out. The parrot looked down at him and said in a low, but distinct voice, exactly like Stanley's, "Let us pray!" He was captured by the help of a fishing-rod. Here is a clear example to prove that something very like a thought passed through his mind. The servants were assembled as he had seen them assemble for morning prayers. They were standing as they stood when the lesson had been read, and they were about to kneel; and the parrot said exactly what was always said under such circumstances. Perhaps the most curious of these examples is one which comes to us from a private bird-fancier. A Grey parrot was stationed in a nursery, where his greatest delight was to see the baby bathed. An infantile complaint seized the child, and the parrot was removed to the kitchen. There, after a time, he set up a terrible cry. "The baby! The dear baby!" All the family rushed down, to find the parrot, in the wildest excitement, watching the roasting of a sucking-pig.

Dr. Greene cannot believe that a parrot is possessed of wit or irony. Yet it seems capable of a retort. Dr. Russ (p. 83) tells of a Grey, which was teased by a fat major, whom it knew well, to climb a stick. "Up on the stick, Polly; up on the stick!" The parrot suddenly "laughed loudly and said, 'Up with you on the stick, Major!'" Everybody has heard of the parrot of Henry IV. which fell into the Thames from a window of the palace at Westminster, and called out "A crown for a boat!" The waterman who saved it claimed a crown accordingly, and the parrot was asked what he should get. "Give the knave a groat!" is stated to have been the reply. This was probably a Ring-necked Parakeet, the only kind known in England at that time, the popinjay of the heralds. We have already mentioned the conversational powers of this pretty little bird, which, as Dr. Russ observes, has been described in ancient and modern literature as far back as Pliny. It would be curious to know if the popinjay of Henry IV. was the same bird mentioned as belonging to the wife of his unfortunate predecessor Richard II. On the 3rd October, 1398, the Pope's legate presented the youthful Queen at Windsor with a Bull from the Pope and a parrot. So we read. There is, therefore, nothing antecedently improbable in the story. Dr. Russ mentions that one of these Indian birds learned "a hundred words and, indeed, whole speeches," and that at the same time it "exhibited great cleverness and intelligence." This parakeet breeds freely in captivity, and is so hardy that only the abuse of the gun has prevented its acclimatization in Surrey and Norfolk. The Australian parakeets do not show much linguistic power; but it is good news that the most lovely of them all, the Rose Hill, or Rosella, can be taught to talk. Both Dr. Russ and Dr. Greene give coloured pictures of this exquisite little bird, and it is probable that its talking powers may be largely developed by cultivation. It is frequently bred in Germany,

France and Belgium, as well as here, but would not be likely to live in the open air like the Ring-necked Parakeet.

The difficulties in the way of teaching a wild young parrot to talk are sometimes very great. Of one bird we hear that it did not learn a single word till it was over twenty years of age, but that then it became very accomplished. Dr. Russ advises the teacher to make use of only one key for singing and whistling, and no doubt something of the same kind should be done in ordinary talking, at least at first. The green parakeets which talk so well seldom have any great range of voice, and, whether they learn a number of words or tunes, do not very clearly imitate the voice of their teacher. With the best of the talking parrots, the Grey and the Amazon, it is different. Moreover, no two birds are exactly alike in temperament. One learns with difficulty, but remembers "for ever and aye." Another picks up everything that is going on, and remembers nothing more than a few days. This is the parrot which says the *à propos* things. His vocabulary for any given day may be limited, but it is often very amusing. Some few learn easily and also remember well. So, too, there are parrots which have a better ear for music than for words, and some which will whistle and sing and not speak. The trainer should, therefore, endeavour to bring out whatever the parrot has in him, and to cultivate the bird's capabilities instead of trying to force him into a certain groove. Also the best acclimatized parrot is easily upset by a change of food, of attendance, but especially of surroundings. He becomes excited sometimes, sometimes depressed, when he sees only strangers about him. Perhaps he does not utter a word for weeks, nay even for years. It is almost impossible, therefore, to give prizes at bird shows to the best speakers. A loquacious, bold bird will win when the sensitive, highly-gifted, and well-taught parrot will not speak at all. It is very desirable, therefore, that the trainer should from the first accustom his pupil to the society of strangers. Some professional trainers and dealers put the parrot into a covered cage during his lesson, so that his attention may not be diverted, but this is clearly a mistake. If a talker is ever so well taught, what is the use of it if he will not talk to any one who wishes to hear him? Dr. Russ judiciously advises that a young and untalked bird should be placed beside one which is tame and talks well. He tells a curious story of a Grey which taught a young Amazon. When the pupil did not learn his words correctly, the Grey would say, "Blockhead," and turn away contemptuously. Yet Cuvier thought there was no intelligence and no power of transmitting its accomplishments in the mind of the parrot. Eventually the Grey and the Amazon were able to converse. Rosa, the Grey, would say, "Have you any money?" to which Coco would reply, "No," in a sorrowful voice. Rosa would give the name of the Emperor, and Coco would ejaculate, "Long life to him!" Two parrots in Germany showed the most different dispositions, yet both eventually came to be excellent talkers. One could not even repeat its own name till it had been eight months with its owner, and then it learned something new every day, called everything by its name, could distinguish between the blackcap, the blackbird, the canary, and a parakeet. It repeated verses, and if it made a mistake it said, angrily, "You are no good," but if it went on without an error it praised itself. Genius like this was worth waiting eight months for; but another bird began to talk the day it arrived, and when it saw breakfast said "Bake cakes," and "Give some to the parrot." In a short time it could say or sing almost everything. A third parrot is described which talks but little, though it has other accomplishments, and is delighted at being dressed up as a doll and laid in a cradle. Dr. Greene also describes, at first or second-hand, some very clever parrots, chiefly Greys. It is often said that when an Amazon talks well he talks better than the Grey, but the Grey almost always talks at least a little. One Grey is related to have mourned for his mistress when she died. "It was difficult to persuade him to take food, and to keep him alive. Often, too, he would re-waken the grief of the mourners by asking them, 'But where is the lady, then?'"

JOSEPH HAYDN.*

IT is scarcely to be expected that anything new about Haydn is to be found in Miss Townsend's contribution to the series of booklets edited by Mr. Francis Hueffer. The Haydn literature is undoubtedly voluminous, extending—according to Herr C. F. Pohl, of Vienna, the great authority on the subject—to some five-and-thirty books and pamphlets, but in this age of concentration, when not only the arts but the sciences are presented to us in lozenge form, to be easily handled and expeditiously consumed, this little work will be found to be very acceptable and to contain all that is known of the great composer's life, told in an attractive and sympathetic manner. Unlike others who have contributed to this series, Miss Townsend has not devoted much space to the analysis of the composer's works, nor does she attempt to enlighten the world as to his method, but confines herself to the simple story of his life, which, though not particularly eventful, is nevertheless full of interest, with the result that she has produced an eminently readable and pleasant book for the general reader. The life of Haydn, as we have said, was not very eventful—except, perhaps, in his early years. From the

* *The Great Musicians.—Joseph Haydn.* By Pauline D. Townsend. London: Sampson Low & Co.

time that he left his father's house at Rohrau, in Lower Austria, to the time when he became Capellmeister to Count Morzin, it was undoubtedly a life of bitter experiences and brave endeavour to stem the tide of adversity; but afterwards, with the exception of the unfortunate episode of his marriage to his shrewish wife, its course was even almost to dulness, until the death of Prince Nicolaus Esterhazy, in 1790, freed him from what we had almost called his bondage. Any other artist, conscious as Haydn was of the genius he possessed, would either have languished in his confinement and have become disgusted with the hackwork which was required of him, or, which is more likely, have incontinently thrown up his post and preferred a life of freedom, even if it were accompanied by poverty. One of the most beautiful points in his character, however, was his loyalty to his patron, in spite of the dreary drudgery which he was expected to perform under circumstances which at least were not advantageous to the free development of his marvellous faculties. "Our indignation is roused," says Miss Townsend, "at finding a great artist placed in the position of an upper servant, and required to perform duties almost menial in their nature; while at the same time it cannot be denied that the obligation to continued and varied productive efforts, and the freedom from all immediate care and distraction, were calculated to foster his industry and encourage him to efforts which were sure to be appreciated." The conclusions here suggested, however, we think, do not follow from Haydn's position as Capellmeister to Prince Esterhazy; for, judging from his previous life, he required absolutely no inducement to industry, since that was perhaps the strongest point in his character; while it is equally certain that, with the exception of his quartets, nearly all his greatest works were composed after his emancipation from slavery at the malarious palace of Esterhazy. For example, the twelve Symphonies written for Mr. Salomon's concerts, and *The Creation*, to mention some of his greatest efforts, were all produced after 1790, the year of his release. What might have been accomplished by him in operative work if he had been free to visit Italy—a project which he had long dearly cherished—it is, of course, impossible to say; but, on the other hand, it is more than probable that the fetters of the Capellmeistership at Esterhazy has deprived the world of many a masterpiece in the realm of opera. That the Esterhazys were kind, and even indulgent, masters is doubtless true; but that one, and that the one Haydn served longest under, was exacting is also true; but of this and of the many petty annoyances and discomforts attendant on his banishment to Esterhazy we shall never know the whole truth, for Haydn was far too loyal to complain of his patron even to his most intimate friends. The story of the origin of the celebrated "Farewell" Symphony may serve to indicate the position of the master and his servants. Disgusted at their continued exile at Esterhazy, a gorgeous palace built on the borders of a swamp, the members of the Capelle, driven almost to revolt, petitioned Haydn to request the Prince to release them for a short time to visit their wives and families. After considering how, "without running the risk of the Prince's displeasure" this was to be accomplished, Haydn hit upon the device, which has often since been witnessed by English audiences, of presenting a symphony before the Prince, which runs its course up to the middle of the finale, when at first two and then other of the performers put up their instruments, as if wearied of the work, blow out their candles, and retire until the conductor and the first violin alone remain, when the latter follows the example already set by his colleagues, and the movement necessarily ends. The humour of the idea is excellent, and we are glad to say was completely successful in its object, but the story discloses a relationship between the Capellmeister and his patron which was anything but pleasant.

It is to the glory of Haydn that, in spite of these drawbacks, he accomplished so much for his art. The claim that he is the father of the quartet and the symphony is undoubtedly a fair one, for he first raised them to the high position in instrumental music which Mozart in Haydn's lifetime advanced, and Beethoven after him furthered to the highest development. In this particular branch he especially excels, and may be said to have brought it almost to perfection, while of his music for the Church—of which he wrote an astonishing amount—it may be remarked that the Masses are a series of masterpieces, conspicuous for richness of invention and devotional feeling, but in opera—for reasons we have already referred to—he did not rise to that eminence that might have been expected of him. His oratorios we all know, one of which has attained a popularity in this country second only to that of the *Messiah*.

Haydn's character was one of great beauty. He was so devout that he generally commenced his work with prayer, and on completion signed it with some such expression as "Laus Deo et B. V. Mæ. et omnibus sanctis." His generosity to all who applied to him in distress was, considering his limited means, large-hearted, and his modesty, notwithstanding that he often declared he knew what was "in him," was remarkable. Incapable of envy, he always acknowledged true genius wherever he found it, and his temper, which must have often been sorely tried, was always equable and conciliating. Those who are not acquainted with the details of his life we must refer to the excellent little work which Miss Townsend has just published.

A LADY'S RIDE ACROSS SPANISH HONDURAS.*

DR. POPE, who called himself agent of the Honduras Government and a Roman Catholic priest, though his claim to either title seems to be doubtful, wrote to the lady who calls herself Maria Soltera (Mary the spinster), to say that if she would go out to San Pedro Sula, she would find a delightful climate, she would be placed in charge of a school for the children of European colonists, and would be given a plantation of one hundred and sixty acres. Miss Soltera was the daughter and sister of British soldiers, and possessed the high courage of her race. She had been a governess in Fiji, and thought lightly of the dangers and hardships of out-of-the-way journeys and voyages. There were two routes open to her. She might steam from San Francisco, her starting-point to Panama, and from the Atlantic side enter Spanish Honduras; or she might sail to Amapala, and from thence take a mule-back ride of two hundred and twenty miles, to the place where she hoped to make a happy home. She chose the latter and more adventurous route, partly because it was the more economical, and partly because she dreaded exposing herself to the risk of being laid up with Panama fever. This book is a very well-written and lively record of her journey. She suffered plenty of inconvenience from swindling muleteers, dirty quarters, restive or lazy animals, mosquitos, and scarcity of food. She had a frightfully narrow escape from drowning when she persisted in crossing the San Juan river. Once, as she was riding by a clump of trees, "a dark mass, preceded by a rush, fell on Luisa's neck." Luisa was her mule. The dark mass was a coyote. The brave lady fired her revolver, and the beast fell.

Of Acapulco, with its wonderful flowers and its beautiful women, Miss Soltera writes with an enthusiasm which no one who has spent a day or two in that most picturesque and foreign of Spanish-American towns will deem exaggerated. A citizen of the United States, who was one of her fellow-travellers, thought the beauty of the Mexican ladies overpraised. "One American girl," he said, "is worth a hundred of them." Whereupon another of the party remarked, "The Americans certainly have their pretty women like other nations; but, good Lord! they have voices like peacocks. That excellent thing in woman, 'the soft low voice,' is utterly unknown in America. The children in the schools are taught to pitch their voices in a high key. It is part of their education. One can forgive a little of the peacock in a pretty woman, but when it comes to the plain ones, it makes one shiver whenever they open their mouths."

If the writer can chronicle with a light heart and a flowing pen the oddities and the idiosyncrasies and the lively prattle of herself and her shipmates, while she is still surrounded by civilized people and belongings, she is equally cheerful with the uncouth muleteers and half-Indian natives, who soon become her sole companions. It is sad to learn that, when the intrepid traveller reached her destination, she found not one of Dr. Pope's promises fulfilled. The fellow was a drunken swindler, in disgrace with his Bishop, and strongly suspected of not being a priest or even a Roman Catholic at all. Her painful, wearisome, and sometimes dangerous journeyings had been all in vain. She had spent her money instead of gaining any, and there was no course open to her but to return home. But misfortune could not break her brave spirit or sour her kindly temper. "I have come home," she writes in the closing sentence of this pleasant volume, "poorer, God help me! but wiser and happy. The law of kindness has turned what was bitter into sweet. To this law I appeal, should 'Soltera' be fortunate enough to find readers of her account of her ride across Spanish Honduras." If courage, good temper, and a wide charity are still counted virtues, of which it is pleasant to see a living example, Maria Soltera should have many readers. But be they few or many, there is not one of them, we should fancy, who will not wish her a kindly and grateful "God speed," whether she tries her fortune again in some tropical Ultima Thule or finds it nearer home. There are many shrewd and wise remarks in this book. We have only space to condense a few of the author's observations on the emigration of gentlefolk. They should be printed in letters of gold, and sent to all parents and guardians who are over-ready to send their wards and children to the other end of the world.

When a youngster is extravagant or a little wild, "there is," says our author, "always some fool at hand to suggest his being sent out to the Colonies." Paterfamilias will not consent to the lad undertaking any manual labour. "Dick has a good education. He must go out as a gentleman." He is sent, say, to Sydney,

with a very small sum, and most of this is already spent for everyday wants. He would go into the bush now, but he cannot command the railway fare. His family in many cases do not find him one shilling to enable him to exist until work is found. They expect that he will get employment in a merchant's office as soon as he lands. Therefore, provision for a month in advance is seldom thought of. And so the family are aggrieved when they hear that he is hauling coals on a wharf or driving cattle at Tumberumba. And ah! how often comes the news that he is dying in hospital, dependent upon the benevolence of a citizen and a sister of mercy, or that, in despair of finding employment, he has disappeared, no one knows whither.

* *A Lady's Ride across Spanish Honduras.* By Maria Soltera. London: Blackwood & Sons.

OUR GRANDMOTHERS' GOWNS.*

MRS. HUNT has succeeded in producing a most dainty little volume. Taking the French Revolution as a starting-point, she describes the fashions which prevailed here and in France down to 1827, and her notes are well supplemented by Mr. Halkett's illustrations, one of which represents a beau of the period of the Regency, while the rest represent female costumes. We can well believe that Brummel and his friends looked just like the gentleman in the frontispiece. Mrs. Hunt describes him thus:—"superfine corbeau-colour coat, with covered buttons; white marcella waistcoat, single-breasted; light sage green or cream-colour kerseymere breeches; also those of black Florentine silk are very fashionable in this style of dress. Dark blue coats with plain gilt buttons are likewise considered fashionable. The cravat is still worn high and full." This is dated April 1810. The pictures of ladies, twenty-three in number, are arranged chronologically. The first shows a young damsel at a piano, dated October 1798. She has on a Fatima robe of blue muslin, trimmed with white lace and sleeves fastened with white buttons, and a turban of blue muslin with a wreath of flowers. Some high-waisted, semi-classical figures follow, and then we have "Spring fashions for June 1806," taken from walking dresses in Kensington Gardens. In that year, says Mrs. Hunt, it became fashionable to wear full dress early in the morning. Backs were low and shoulders exposed, and striped blue and white kid shoes were worn. Ball dresses were short, and a gentleman could tell whether a lady intended to dance or not by the length of her skirt. These dresses were always of crape, either white or rose-coloured. A little later we come to the Conversation Bonnet. It was "a modified coal-scuttle." There was a further development known as the Conversation Cottage Bonnet. In 1807 muslin dresses were worn very transparent, and the petticoat so short as to exhibit the ankle through it. Flowers and bows of ribbon were placed so as almost to conceal one eye. In September of the same year a lady's walking dress was low in front, more so even than is usual now in the evening. Straw hats and bonnets were in 1808 only used in walking or morning dress. In a carriage or for the evening parade in Kensington Gardens the hair was worn with flowers and jewelry. They carried "ridicules," as Mrs. Hunt spells the word. "A ridicule contained the handkerchief, fan, card-money, and essence-bottle. They were made of figured sarsenet, plain satin, or silver tissue, with strings and tassels to match. It was necessary that they should be of the same colour as the pelisse or wrap." Waists were beginning to get long in 1815; and the marriage of the Princess Charlotte in the following year brought the Coburg hat into fashion. The Princess's wedding dress was of silver lama on net, over a silver tissue slip embroidered at the bottom with silver lama in shells and flowers. Her mantle was silver tissue lined with white satin, with a border of embroidery like that on the dress. In 1818 enormous hats were the fashion, and monstrous coal-scuttle bonnets. Heine describes a lady at the Porte St.-Martin who wore a bonnet of pink gauze so large that it filled up the whole view of the stage. The last dress represented is of striped red and green silk, confined at the waist by a satin band fastened with a gold snap. Chinchilla fur adorns the shoulders and surrounds the throat. The hair is dressed in a double row of large curls. There is a chinchilla muff, and the boots are of slate-coloured morocco. This was in 1827, when, as Mrs. Hunt informs us, the hair behind was allowed to fall in luxuriant ringlets on the neck.

The book is very prettily got up, being covered with cotton print in an old-fashioned pattern, such as our grandmothers may well have worn. The letterpress is printed only on one side of the paper, so that any one who is fortunate enough to possess fashion prints may paste them in chronologically, for which purpose, too, the volume is tied with strings. The illustrations are hand-coloured, and several of them are extremely pretty. Altogether, this is, in its way, one of the most charming books of the season.

THREE NOVELS.†

FAST AND LOOSE is an English novel, adapted from the French school of M. Fortuné du Boisgobey; and it is by no means a bad imitation. Major Arthur Griffiths must be pretty much at home in prisons, with policemen and habitual criminals. We miss something of the audacious handling of improbabilities and extravagances which long practice has made second nature with the French novelist. In place of being swept along on the swift current of sensation, in an atmosphere that is alternately intoxicating and enervating, we are occasionally given time to breathe and recollect ourselves, so that we must be charmed anew into the vein of easy credulity. In other words, Major Griffiths labours somewhat too conscientiously to make intelligible to the sound sense of the average British jurymen complications which belong purely to the realms of romance. But, though searching

judicial criticism might pick holes in his tale, the plot, on the whole, is a good and a clever plot, on which a deal of painstaking ingenuity has been expended. The novel begins with the sensational bank robbery to which MM. Gaboriau and Boisgobey have accustomed us. A packet of Portuguese bonds has been abstracted from the strong-room, and suspicion can only primarily rest on one of two persons, seeing that they are the sole possessors of the two keys. One of the individuals being the principal and the acting partner in the wealthy firm of Dandy, Waldo, & Co., he virtually stands acquitted of having robbed himself. So suspicion necessarily rests upon Mr. Surtees, the manager, though, as may be supposed, unimpeachable antecedents plead eloquently for him. Necessarily, at the same time, indirect evidences of his guilt begin to accumulate around him from the hour of the discovery. Necessarily, too, his manner is against him. The partners highly respect Mr. Surtees, and call in the services of a detective with reluctance. For every reason, and even more for the sake of Major Griffiths than of Mr. Surtees, they would have done better not to consult Mr. Fiske. We have never had a high opinion of our secret police service, but that eminent British detective is abnormally below the mark. He cannot hold a candle to Tabaret; and all he has in common with the penetrating genius of Lecoq is a habit of consulting his shoe-string where Lecoq looked into his bon-bon box. *En revanche*, he has a trick of stumbling upon mares' nests, and following up false trails with fervent conviction. As a matter of course, he takes it for granted that Surtees is guilty; and shows quite exceptional ingenuity in squaring all indications to suit his preconceived theory. He comes across the actual culprit in the very first chapter of the story, and while carrying himself in an almost brutally high-handed fashion, misses the significance of evidence within reach of his hand. In fact, Fiske goes about his diplomacy in such a manner that any gentleman tolerably easy in his conscience must infallibly have kicked him out of the room. But there is an amateur detective who outshines this professional, and whose adventures and researches we follow with great sympathy and interest. It is absurd to say that the age of chivalry has passed—only modern chivalry has nowfangled ways of displaying itself. Sir Richard Daunt is one of the most popular men about town—quick-witted, agreeable, wealthy, and generous. He has a mania for getting to the bottom of his neighbours' secrets; but then he is known to keep them as safe as any father confessor. He snatches at them as the magpies and the jackdaws steal spoons—from temperament rather than for any actual purpose. A confirmed bachelor, and singularly eligible *parti*, who had passed the ordeal of all manner of feminine wiles and seductions, we should have said that he was the last man in the world to fall precipitately in love with indigence and misfortune. But the firmest of us cannot avoid our fate, and "Dick Daunt" is hopelessly bewitched and entangled by the beautiful daughter of the suspected bank manager. The witchery is unintentional on the part of Miss Surtees, who is as generous and at least as disinterested as he. She says nothing of the heart that may have gone out of her own keeping, but she tells her admirer very distinctly that she will never dispose of her hand till the good name of her father is cleared. With such a prize before him, the modern knight-errant devotes all his energies to his difficult and self-imposed task. Not only is "his work cut for him," but there is severe pressure put upon him to get through with it, independently of his anxiety to claim his reward. Surtees has been tried, convicted, and sentenced, and is working out his sentence of hard labour at Chatham, where the irons are undoubtedly entering into his soul. Naturally, in the course of Sir Richard's investigations, we are brought into contact with the instruments of evil who have brought the unfortunate Cashier to this melancholy pass. The chief of these is a certain Marquis de Ojo Verde, with a half dozen of other aliases besides, an Englishman, Frenchman, or Spaniard, as it suits him. This cosmopolitan rascal and accomplished linguist is in M. du Boisgobey's very best style. Except that his lies or social fictions are somewhat too transparent, and that he stands perpetually on the verge of detection had polite cross-examinations been pushed home, he is a clever enough specimen of the finished knave, as ready in resource as he is reckless in his audacity. We need hardly say that poor Fiske is a baby in the hands of the Marquis, and that even Daunt would have had the worse with him in any single-handed game. But the shrewdest adventurer cannot control the complications of finance when assets that have been abstracted by means of false balance-sheets have been squandered or locked away beyond power of recovery. The Marquis's puppet and partner in crime has become also a partner in Dandy's bank; and a run on the bank coming simultaneously with the locking up of the Marquis, precipitates revelations that might have been indefinitely delayed. The innocent man is justified, the guilty one condemned, and with the vindication of right and the revenging of wrongs Sir Richard is united to the girl of his heart.

Between the Acts has nothing to do with things theatrical, but so far it is true to its title that it recalls the confusion in a theatre between the acts, when the audience is in promiscuous movement. There is little method in the story; the author seems to lack the power of artistic construction, which may nevertheless come with greater care and longer practice. For there are evidences of unmistakable talent in the book, and of capabilities that are especially welcome in the writers who volunteer to entertain us. He or she—for we can only guess at the writer's sex—can imagine striking situations and use them with a certain dexterity. But, above all, he has a very genuine sense

* *Our Grandmothers' Gowns*. By Mrs. Alfred W. Hunt. With Twenty-four hand-coloured illustrations, drawn by George R. Halkett. London: Field & Tuer.

† *Fast and Loose*. By Arthur Griffiths. London: Chapman & Hall. 1884.

Between the Acts. By C. H. D. Stocker. London: Bentley & Son. 1884.

This Year, Next Year, Sometime, Never. By Puck. London: Field & Tuer. 1884.

of humour, and, indeed, the humour is so generally diffused through the chapters that it would be difficult to do justice to it by brief quotations. The main notion of the novel has been made familiar to us by Miss Broughton and the ladies who have imitated her. We have a large family left very much to their own devices, who come up like wild-flowers, or rather like weeds. The Worsleys are, in fact, a household of Canadian or Australasian squatters, set down in the civilized rural society of an English county. Well born and extremely well connected, they set all the ordinary *convenances* at defiance; and, actuated by rough conceptions of duty, rise superior to the petty mortifications that to most people in their position would be intolerable. The author in imagining such a situation almost abuses the license of fiction; each member of the family, down to the smallest of the children, is either fantastically original or incredibly precocious; yet, taken as a whole, they are extremely amusing. We said they reminded us in some ways of colonial squatters; and in other respects their habits have much in common with those of the embarrassed West-Indian gentleman of the last century. Desperately hard up, they owe money everywhere. They keep the doors shut and barred against troublesome creditors; and, being very naturally behindhand with the rent, on one occasion when they expect a visit from the landlord the young ladies set a younger brother to slip savage dogs on the obtrusive old gentleman. It is the old gentleman's son, by the way, who comes in his place; and the young man is so little put out by his rough reception that he straightway falls in love with one of the maidens of the garrison. Yet in slipping the dogs we must take it for granted that the Miss Worsleys were actuated by the sense of duty to which we have referred. Strong filial piety constrained them to make the best of things in the absence of the father who had left the management with them. When they could not pay, they put off the evil day by all means, lawful or otherwise. Never sparing themselves, they could not be expected to be considerate of others. Mr. Worsley is an artist of genius, and with self-esteem which is so great that he is either dissatisfied with his best works or doubts whether any purchaser is worthy of them. This, together with his artistic tastes and occasional pieces of extravagance, explains the perpetual pecuniary pressure in his country residence. With all his follies, he works hard, if fruitlessly, and that habit of hard work has been inherited by his daughters. The fascinating Ella and Janet, who is also attractive, never spare themselves. They try to fatten poultry for the markets and fail; they labour assiduously in a garden which is ravaged by the fowls and the cattle; finally, and when driven to the wall, as a last resource, they dismiss the last of their servants and become maids-of-all-work themselves. Considering that they have to attend to a school-room and a nursery full of children to boot, the whole story is glaringly extravagant; their bodily powers must have been unequal to a third of the labour allotted to them. But we are carried along as in the fun of a pantomime; and we laugh and not infrequently sympathize, if we can never actually believe. There is a succession of comical scenes, with ludicrous descriptions of domestic misadventures. There is a capital story of how Miss Janet speculated in a flock of young geese which were consigned to her per carrier, duly packed in hampers; how the birds that were to make her fortune nearly broke her heart, when they declined to put on flesh upon any terms, as indeed they had been kept on the brink of starvation. Then we have a most sensational account of how the Miss Worsleys determined to do the family washing at home; and, from the minuteness of the details, we suspect, on second thoughts, that "C. H. D. Stocker" must surely be a woman. All the clothes are thrust into an enormous copper, with due admixture of "blue" and other domestic chemicals; and the result is an expenditure, through shrinkage of woollens, &c., which would have covered the laundress's bills for months. But the author, though always stretching probabilities, shows decided cleverness in depicting the double side of the family character. The girls demean themselves, as some people might think, by undertaking the roughest household work. The refinements of life are necessarily neglected; the affectionate amenities of speech are not cultivated in the Worsley family, such friendly epithets as "beast," "fool," &c., being freely bandied about among them. But these airy missiles do not hurt, and are taken for what they mean. All the Worsleys are devotedly attached to each other; and it is a happy touch that the arrival of each new baby is feted with genuine delight in the sorely overburdened establishment. More than that, the author manages to persuade us that the girls are essentially refined with it all, that they are really ladies, and that with a very little rubbing up Ella, at least, might grace any society. This may perhaps be plausibly explained by their inheriting refinement from their æsthetic father, who holds himself aloof from sordid cares, and brings light, if not sweetness, with him on his rare visits. For Mr. Worsley himself is inconsistent as any of them; loving and nevertheless tyrannical when at home, he is good-natured and almost sublime in his unconscious selfishness. He will give his pretty daughter costly jewelry or an extravagant dress, while he ought to know that that morning she may have been scrubbing the kettles or carrying pails of hogwash from the kitchen to the pigsty. So, having been led from surprise to surprise, till at last we are half-habituated to these domestic sensations, it is by no means matter of great astonishment that both the young ladies should make brilliant matches. Janet's marriage is brought about naturally enough and prettily by the sympathy the lover feels for a girl who goes uncomplainingly about her heavy and uncongenial tasks. He sets her up as a heroine, but

resolves at the same time upon her emancipation, though he finds it difficult to obtain her consent. While the love affair of the beautiful Ella, as is befitting, is the more romantic of the two. Twice the cup of happiness is at her lips only to be rudely dashed from them; and to the very last moment we are left in doubt as to whether she is destined to brightness or doomed to misery.

We were naturally prejudiced against *This Year, Next Year, Sometime, Never*, by the portentous, cumbrous, affected, and most unmeaning title, and were soon satisfied by a cursory examination of the contents that the title conveyed a timely warning. "Puck" has certainly mistaken her vocation in attempting a novel, and apparently has equally misunderstood her own idiosyncrasy. There is no fun in the book, though a great deal of folly. It is as loose writing—the laxity is in the composition, not in the morality—and as hard reading as we have often met with. It is impossible to get up the faintest interest in any of the characters, who are always proving false to the original conceptions of them, and consequently we remain profoundly indifferent to the pair of love stories, which are supposed to have respectively sad and happy endings. The young couple who are married are kept apart through the greater part of the book; while the other gentleman, who ends a long course of lukewarm love-making by throwing over his love-sick innamorata, is almost creditable as a masterly study of the commonplace. Yet we have cause to complain when we recollect the language in which his eyes are described for us; for in novels, at least, the eyes are the seat of the emotions, and should reflect the passions that are to be set to work in the course of the volumes. "His great and best point comes last—his eyes are wondrous—of violet grey, with depths in them in which one might lose oneself They seem to speak for him, and assist him much in that way, as his powers of conversation are not great; they help to give a subtle meaning to even commonplace remarks made by him." And he must have needed all the aid his eyes could give him, for assuredly his conversation is as commonplace as himself. Indeed "Puck" seems to have felt it would be too much to require us to believe that any young woman, however shamefully treated, could have died for the love or the loss of him. But, deciding that the book must come to an end with a tragedy, and persistently true to her commonplace conceptions, she kills off the betrayed one with a double chloral draught, taken in ignorance and not with intention.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.*

WHEN Harriet Martineau wrote her Autobiography, she little thought she should survive that record one-and-twenty years; she believed herself dying, writing in the cold undelusive shadow of death, and in that solemn moment, when her disciples might reasonably expect a testimony commensurate with the noble mental and intellectual qualities with which she had been abundantly credited, she produced a book chiefly characterized by the pettiest anxieties of self-assertion. Years had not brought the philosophic mind, nor had the pride of all-sufficing reason evoked the religious calm and large charity and lofty toleration of which Mrs. Miller writes with untiring conviction. The significance of this strange instance of "the ruling passion" is not weakened by Mrs. Miller's attempts to depreciate the value and sincerity of the Autobiography. Even though that work does not deal with the last twenty-one years of Harriet Martineau's life, even though it "displays vanity," is hard, aggressive, censorious, "the least worthy of her true self," and hastily written, the writer never deemed it necessary to revise it, or soften its asperities. Yet she had twenty-one years to reconsider the matter, and did much journalistic work in the interval. Hence it is difficult to see why Mrs. Miller should seem eager to deny or mitigate the very human infirmities of Harriet Martineau's confessions. No amount of friendly or partisan objections to the Autobiography can affect its value, nor may Mrs. Miller's well-meant observations dispose of Harriet Martineau's evident approval of it, or clear the ground for a better work. Its display of vanity is surely not an excessive revelation of what was a notorious fact, nor are its aggressiveness and pugnacity less well-established characteristics of the author than her industry and perseverance and tenacity.

The eminence of Harriet Martineau was too indisputable to escape inclusion in a series of "Eminent Women"; it is to this, and not to any demand for a new biography, that we owe Mrs. Miller's volume. It is natural in Mrs. Miller to object that Mrs. Chapman's completion of the Autobiography is but a dead letter, and we entirely concur in her judgment; yet her own book is essentially and inevitably based on the "misleading" record she strangely undervalues. With all its faults, that self-revelation is entertaining and readable, and, like most of its class, abounds in veracity to all whose vision is not narrowed by an intolerant worship. The twenty-one years hitherto but partially accounted for are discussed by Mrs. Miller in two chapters, the chief interest of which is confined to certain extracts of letters addressed to Mr. H. G. Atkinson. In these there is absolutely nothing that detracts from the force and veracity of the Autobiography. There is, indeed, a great contrast between the bitter and caustic tone of the self-revelation and the almost unvaried spirit of idolatry of Mrs. Miller's sketch; yet the latter, notwithstanding a few warm and heroic assertions, does not invalidate the graphic portraiture of the former.

* *Harriet Martineau*. By Mrs. F. Fenwick Miller. *Eminent Women Series*. London: Allen & Co. 1884.

Most readers of Harriet Martineau are conscious of a certain hard and indigestible quality in her writings, something which, though it may not always arouse repugnance, is frequently defiant of mental or spiritual assimilation. According to the author of *Orion*, we know that Leigh Hunt once suffered personal and exoteric experience of this ungenial quality. The two were returning home from their first meeting with Harriet Martineau, and Horne asked Hunt how he felt towards the lady, when the cheerful essayist replied that he felt precisely as he would if he had asked for the breast of a fowl and was presented with the gizzard. To be perfectly just to Mrs. Miller, we must own she does not unrelentingly present this dry and exasperating aspect of Harriet Martineau. She speaks of her "keen sense of humour," and spares us effective illustrations; she describes her as "amusable," with a kind of grim desperation; but these light and humorous touches are few, and the biographer takes refuge in a grey atmosphere, and the view that Harriet Martineau's vocation was something of "a priestly function." Mrs. Miller discovers that Harriet Martineau's first literary essays were signed "Discipulus," and observes that she speaks of "our sex" (i.e. the male sex) as a man would do—which is exactly what a man would not do; and, indeed, Mrs. Miller innocently uses this peculiarly feminine phrase herself (p. 47). Writing of the American tour, Mrs. Miller refers to the warm reception accorded to Harriet Martineau by "the generous people of America, which they are ever ready to give to distinguished visitors from the little mother-isle," and proceeds, with great humour, to relate how certain of the generous people were prepared to hang Harriet Martineau on the wharf at Louisville in case she visited that free and enlightened city. In her account of Harriet Martineau's girlhood Mrs. Miller is able to give a fuller and more finished picture than the Autobiography, and supplies an analysis of the contributions to the *Monthly Repository* that is well written and valuable. Beyond this, and the letters to Mr. Atkinson, there is nothing to note. The most characteristic of the letters is one written a few weeks before the death of the writer, in which she discusses the prospects of instant annihilation in a strain that is obviously designed to impress her correspondent:—

I cannot think of any future as at all probable, except the "annihilation" from which some people recoil with so much horror. I find myself here in the universe—I know not how, whence, or why. I see everything in the universe go out and disappear, and I see no reason for supposing that it is not an actual and entire death. And, for my part, I have no objection to such an extinction. I well remember the passion with which W. E. Forster said to me, "I had rather be damned than annihilated." If he once felt five minutes' damnation, he would be thankful for extinction in preference.

To people unhappily troubled with "obstinate questionings" there must be something revolting in this hardened insensibility to the mystery of life and those mysterious intimations of a future existence that most are conscious of. The letter is curious as showing how increasingly rigid the writer's materialism had grown since the publication of the *Letters on the Law of Man's Nature and Development*. Mrs. Miller does not venture to stigmatize Harriet Martineau's share in that work as the least worthy of her true self among her writings, though it were kind in her to do so and to have refrained from much exalted rhapsody anent the author's martyrdom. Harriet Martineau was not a martyr, nor was she immolated on the altar of an orthodox press; she was an able and industrious journalist, and she wrote, one does not quite know how, some of the most delightful stories for the young that exist in all literature.

THREE NOVELS.*

OF the three books now before us, *Cassandra* is not easy reading, the story twists and turns about amongst so many characters, that one loses the thread and becomes wearied out. It is a strictly orthodox novel, in so far that the good people receive their appropriate rewards, living happy ever after, whilst the wicked are either converted from the error of their ways, or got rid of by startling and well-merited catastrophes, before we thankfully lay down the book. It is difficult to avoid wondering whence are derived the notions of society which we find in this and similar novels. The characters are, many of them, supposed to be of super-eminent breeding, and talk appreciatively of their blue blood and aristocratic descent; but to ordinary mortals their "exquisite refinement" seems rather akin to "the light that never was on land or sea."

If this book is a fair specimen of the manners of the "upper circles," the sooner aristocracy becomes a thing of the past the better. Only in common justice, after showing us the hollowness of our noble idols, Mrs. Corbett should let us have a glimpse of those she proposes to replace them with, and that she entirely fails to do. If only she would condense her story, and spare us the fun of such a character as Mr. Angerstein FitzPennyweather, how much easier her book would be to read!

Of *The Cardiacs* there is little to be said, and that little not particularly amusing. The hero is the regular walking gentleman of a three-volume novel, who hesitates between two women till the reader rather crossly begins to wonder what on earth can settle the

question for such a man. The company is not too select, and one cannot see what possible advantage it has either in fun, or attraction, over ordinary middle-class dullness. Certainly a young lady goes to a Greenwich dinner alone with a party of gentlemen, and to the theatre alone with another, but even her own set think this somewhat *risqué* conduct, and as the favoured gentleman is represented as being half intoxicated to start with, and hopelessly drugged later, to allow the young lady to overhaul his papers, the game, as amusement, can hardly be considered worth the candle.

Of quite a different stamp is *Ramona*. In the dull days that are upon us, when the sun has retired behind his winter curtain of yellow fog, and the brilliant weather of the past summer becomes daily more of a dream, this book will place us in the full glow and colour of Californian sunshine, and the picturesque, unconventional life of the Spanish rancheros, before the Americans entirely overran the country and levelled and semi-civilized it. The story of a doomed and dying race such as this must be a sad one, but not the less does one read it. The wild, strange existence, the curious half-savage people, are so vividly set before one that it becomes difficult to realize that it is "only a novel," and one's heart aches for the various characters as if it were the actual record of real flesh and blood. The author utterly sinks herself in her story, and nothing short of this could make the story of *Ramona* and her Indian lover endurable. We do not envy any one who can read unmoved of poor Alessandro's weary search for some place where he may in peace live his own life, and of the utter bodily and mental breakdown of his life. But there are other characters in the book besides the gentle lovers, and all—from good Father Salvierderra to good, practical, unconventional Aunt Ri—are worth reading of. They are all real, sentient creatures, not galvanized puppets, and cause and effect follow each other as naturally, though perhaps rather more clearly, than they do amongst ourselves. The sorrows of the oppressed Indians are so simply and clearly told that it seems scarcely possible that others do not join outspoken determined Aunt Ri in her horror at the atrocities committed by the irresponsible Government under the name of law and order. After all, California is not perhaps the only place where, seeing the sin and suffering round them, honest, simple folk cry out like her, shame on the Government that allows oppression and wrong to prevail because it is no one's interest to see that things are kept straight, whereas it is important to keep political facts—in other words, office and privileges—in the proper groove!

THE POISON-TREE.*

THAT our rule in India crushes any originality in the native mind is now a familiar saying of English administrators. Nothing is more certain than that the grand opportunity of the Mutiny itself failed to bring out any one commander of military genius. Here and there during that unequal contest some traces of strategy were shown by men like Koer Sing, or Tantia Topi, or the celebrated Moulavi. But we happily failed to find any foeman worthy of British steel in some one resembling Hyder and Ranjit Sing, or that *par nobile* Shere Sing and Chuttur Sing of Multan and Chillianwalla. In politics and administration the most enlightened Rajas and Nawabs only imitate us. Their Councils and bureaux are formed exactly on the European model. We hear now and then of a Tributary Chief of reforming proclivities who has his "Legislative Council," or his "Financial Member," or even his "Legal Remembrancer." It is the same with native literature, periodical or journalistic. Some years ago certain native gentlemen of Bengal bought the stock and goodwill of a weekly sporting paper edited by an Englishman, and turned it into a marvellous exposition of native grievances, minus the sport. The letters and speeches of Young India are in most cases borrowed from the latest ultra-Liberal English newspapers; and we find disquisitions on the Perpetual Settlement or the evils of child-marriages alternate with magnificent but misplaced denunciations of feudalism, privilege, and "racial inequalities." It is, therefore, with sincere pleasure that we get any book or story in which neither the substance nor the thoughts and expressions have been borrowed as it were *Græco fonte*. The author of this Hindu tale has written in his own language, in his own fashion, on a subject which he understands thoroughly, and for which he is indebted to no extraneous aid. It is also satisfactory to us to find that he is one of the Kulin or highest Brahmins of Lower Bengal. There have been Brahmins in that province and elsewhere who have compiled dictionaries of Sanskrit and re-edited learned treatises on some branch of Hindu law; and in native States supple and astute men of the same caste have risen to be Prime Ministers and to conduct important negotiations to successful issues. But in the Bengal Provinces of late years a good many of the avenues to distinction and independence have been rather blocked by the Kayasts. This caste has outstripped others as advocates, physicians, accountants, administrators, and judges. The author of *Alarér Ghorer Dulal*, or the "Spoiled Fondling of the House," was a Kayast of the *gens* Mittra. Those who believe that talent can be transmitted by pure and uncontaminated channels, and who are not horribly vexed when the speech of a peer's son beats that of a low-born demagogue, will be glad to read

* *Cassandra*. By Mrs. George Corbett, Author of "The Missing Note," "A Sailor's Life," &c. London: W. Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

† *The Cardiacs*. By William George Waters. London: Hurst & Blackett.
—*Ramona*. By Helen Jackson (H. H.), Author of "Verses," "Bits of Travel," &c. Macmillan & Co. 1884.

* *The Poison-Tree: a Tale of Hindu Life in Bengal*. By Bankim Chandra Chatterjee. Translated by Miriam S. Knight. With a Preface by Edwin Arnold, C.S.I. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1884.

a tale written by one of those Kulins whose familiar boast, expressed in a well-known Sanskrit couplet, is that they have existed as long as the gods on Mount Meru, the Ganges on earth, and the sun and moon in heaven. After every reasonable deduction, we may fairly assign to the origin of the Kulins of Bengal a date prior to the battle of Hastings.

The reader will only find in this story a picture of native life. There is here no caricature of Anglo-Indian manners. The typical judge or magistrate of the district is never brought on the scene to arrest a criminal or to prevent a catastrophe. There is an allusion, not in very good taste, to a mercantile house in Calcutta. But everything else—scenery, domestic manners, festivals, joy and sorrow, the crisis and the solution—are of indigenous type and manufacture. Nor, in spite of its title, is the story made up of sensational incidents. Many of the characters and some of the scenes are as simple and domestic as the staple materials of Miss Austen's novels. The story is as follows:—Nagendra Nath Dutt or Datta, as the author prefers to write the title, is a wealthy Zemindar married to one wife, Surjya Mukhi. His sister is the wife of one Srish Chandra Mittra, an accountant in a merchant's office in Calcutta. Here we may observe that a Mittra makes a very slight descent when he marries into the family of the Dutt. The latter are in the second, the Mittras belong to the first division, of the Kayast caste. But such alliances are perfectly correct under the social laws of the Hindus. Nagendra Nath has a cousin, one Debendra Nath, not married to any one. Nagendra Nath, at the commencement of the story, is setting out for Calcutta to look after his lawsuits, and here the author has wisely resisted the temptation to bring in a long tale of litigation arising out of the action of the Ganges, or from the permission given to his widow by a childless ancestor, to adopt a son. One of those storms come on well known to English residents as a "North-Wester." Nagendra forsakes his boat and his frightened Mahomedan boatmen, and takes refuge in a neighbouring village. Here, in a ruined house, he finds a young girl, Kunda Nandini, whose aged and blind father has just breathed his last. He takes this orphan girl to Calcutta, searches for her alleged relatives, who of course are not to be found, and after consultation with his brother-in-law Srish Chandra, takes Kunda Nandini home. This orphan is then given in marriage to one Tara Charan, a fatherless child deserted by his own mother, but brought up as the playmate of Surjya Mukhi, the wife of Nagendra. This Tara Charan is somewhat of a lay figure and does and says very little, but Kunda Nandini had obviously to be married to somebody, and the sketch of Tara Charan is not devoid of point and humour. He was sent to a mission school, and then turned out as a dominie of a village school, on the strength of having read Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World*, the *Spectator*—not our esteemed weekly contemporary—and three books of Euclid. He had also written or caused to be written by the school pundit, divers essays setting forth the evils of idol-worship and the seclusion of women. We gather that the tale refers to the time when vernacular education had not been taken up seriously by the Government, and when Ishwar Chandra Vidya Sagar had only just begun to advocate the remarriage of child-widows. In three years' time Tara Charan is got rid of by a timely fever, and then Kunda Nandini, his widow, is taken into the house of Nagendra Nath. Now the poison-tree begins to grow and the poison to work in the shape of a female servant, one Hira. Debendra Nath, cousin to Nagendra, is a lifelike and spirited sketch of Young Bengal at his worst. There are talking Babus, and lecturing and spouting Babus, whose intelligence is not always allied to good taste and modesty; but the drunken, dissolute Babu inflamed with wine and lust, is far more offensive. This imitator of foreign vices and failings disguises himself as a female Boissab or Baishab, a mendicant follower of Vishnu, and procures entrance into the female apartments of Nagendra, where he behaves in a manner not very unlike the Bohemian in *Quentin Durward* when admitted inside the monastery. Nagendra, the wealthy and virtuous Zemindar, devoted to his one wife, Surjya Mukhi, makes love to the widow Kunda Nandini, and wishes to take her as his second wife. According to Hindu notions, if the remarriage of widows is an open question this would be orthodox, and there is no reason why Nagendra Nath should not take Kunda or three or four other wives, in addition to Surjya Mukhi. But it is very creditable to the morality and aim of the author that he represents the proposal of Nagendra to the widow as an insult and dishonour to the wife, Surjya Mukhi, and that he makes all the parties to this characteristic episode talk and act very much as they might and ought to do in countries where polygamy is not recognized. Hira, who is a servant in the house of Nagendra and at the same time the mistress of the dissolute Debendra Nath, makes mischief and loses her situation without losing her power for evil. Kunda Nandini, pursued first by Nagendra and then by Debendra, is taken by the former as his second wife with, apparently, the consent or certainly without the strenuous opposition, of Surjya Mukhi. But the plot thickens and the situation becomes unendurable. Surjya Mukhi flies from her once happy home, and after much suffering is rescued from death's door by a Brahmachari. This personage is represented as an ascetic. He is ordinarily a religious student in attendance on an older spiritual instructor, but the title is often given to ascetics in their more advanced stage. He consigns the fugitive to the care of one Haro Mani, a Baisnavi. Nagendra, after a toilsome search, finds some traces of his wife, as far as we can make out, in some village on the Grand Trunk Road between Ranigunge and Benares. But on arriving

at the village and house of the Baisnavi he learns that the house had been burnt to the ground, and that out of two women, only one had escaped. Naturally he thinks that the strong mendicant had been saved and that his weak and sickly wife had perished. We shall not spoil this part of the story by describing at length the resuscitation and return of the wife. The villagers had made a pardonable mistake in their account of the fire. So far joy predominates over sorrow, but Kunda Nandini, the cause of all this misunderstanding, has to be provided for, and she removes all difficulties by taking poison. Hira, the cause of so much mischief, goes mad, and Debendra Nath the dissolute, dies in delirium with the laugh and shouts of Hira ringing in his ears. It is not by way of imputing want of originality to the author that we suggest that he must have read and remembered the last scene at the storming of Torquilstone Castle, when Ulrica takes her revenge on the brutal Front-de-Bœuf.

We have said little about the translation and editing of this work. But, as far as we can judge without the original before us, the task has been well performed. The characters talk as they might do in the original Bengali. The glossary of words is, however, imperfect and occasionally misleading. A Brahman is not always "an officiating Hindu Priest." This office is discharged by the *Purohit*. Brahmins often live and die in pure secular work, as soldiers, zemindars, and lawyers. In fact, it is one striking characteristic of Brahmanism that the highest is not a merely sacerdotal caste. Nor is the *Dastur-Khana* necessarily an accountant's office. It is the office of any man, native or English, who has work to do, records to keep, letters to write. It is quite distinct from the Court or *Kachari*. A *Naib* in the text is said to be "a law officer." In the glossary he is more correctly described as the deputy of the Zemindar, the manager or agent of the landed estate, as we should put it. For the *Bakal* we should read the *Babul* tree. The translation has a preface by Mr. Edwin Arnold. Anything written by Mr. Arnold is sure to be graceful and in good taste. But he throws no light on the interior or exterior of a Bengali household, nor has he any practical acquaintance with the Province of Bengal. And neither the original nor the translation needs any literary godfather. They are fully able to stand on their own merits and to carry with them their own recommendation.

The tale, in short, has an ingenious and not an improbable plot; the characters, with the exception of the demon Hira, are not insufferably perfect nor improbably vile; for there have been too many Bengalis of the type of Debendra Nath, who consume beefsteaks and unlimited pale ale and brandy, instead of the orthodox rice, vegetables, and fish. The colouring, though intensely local, is the very thing we want. In their several ways the descriptions of the nursery, the household servants, the women's sanctum, the garden, and the *ihatta* or homestead and enclosures, are excellent; and the author is fully justified in depicting Bengali wives and mothers as intelligent, affectionate, and capable of carrying on a written correspondence with their relatives. The schoolmaster, in the shape of a Brahman Pandit or respectable teacher, has found access to the Bengali household. The Zenana Mission could testify that native women are not now always occupied in dressing dolls, counting jewels, and devising squabbles in order to vary the dullness and monotony of seclusion. The character of the next generation may be largely influenced by the education and tone of their mothers; and we may hope much from sound education, when we recollect that, in spite of social fetters and restrictions, Bengal three generations ago produced a lady of the governing capacity of Rani Bhowani of Nattore, and more recently others of such acuteness, power, or liberality, as Rani Kattiani, Rani Ras Moni Debya, and Rani Surnomayi of Kassimbazar.

* ELIA "ILLUSTRATED."

WHAT are the limits of book-illustration? At present they seem indeterminate, and there is considerable confusion at the frontier. "Some books," if one may imitate the axiom of a modern philosopher, "have illustrations and no subjects; other books have subjects and no illustrations." That many volumes owe everything to the pictures which, as Pope says, "for the page atone," is, of course, incontestable. Who, for example, if it were not for the embellishments, would now sanely buy the poetry of Rogers? Yet faithful collectors still seek diligently for Stothard's charming "Hunt the Slipper" in the edition of 1802, or the Clennell woodcuts in that of 1810, or the delicate, fragile steel engravings of Goodall and Finden in the issues of 1830-4; and the banker bard, as even in his own days a wicked wit affirmed, "would surely be dished if 'twere not for the plates." Clearly the unmarketable minstrel, if he would secure a factitious immortality of sufferance, has only to expend, as Rogers did, a mere trifle of 6,000*l.* or 7,000*l.* on decorations, and the thing is settled at once and for ever.

This is one view of the question. But, if an indifferent or mediocre work can be lifted into vitality by its ornaments, it is impossible to sustain the reverse proposition that a good book may be helped by poor or weak illustrations. Here and there it no doubt happens that the author and artist are suited to each other, "like perfect music unto noble words." In Mr. Caldecott's delightful edition of *Bracebridge Hall* the match is equal; in Sir Frederick Leighton's *Romola* it is nearly

* *The Essays of Elia*. Illustrated. Edinburgh: Paterson.

so. In the *Don Quixote* of Doré the disparity between text and illustrations is far greater; the grotesque and burlesque aspects of the book are indeed fairly adequate, but its sadder and profounder sides are scarcely touched, or not touched to fine issues. In fact, the higher one gets the more the pencil seems to toil after the pen. The level of mere prettiness and ingenuity is reached easily, often admirably; but the heroic? the tragic? the sublime? Who shall illustrate Shakspeare, say, at his highest? Consider for a moment that monstrous, melancholy effort which ruined Boydell, that "Gorgeous Gallery of Ghastly Inventions," in which the honours fall—to whom?—to the Smirke who illustrated the "Seven Ages of Man." In a letter to Rogers, Charles Lamb's characteristic humour breaks out whimsically as he remembers the Alderman's ill-omened "atlas folio":—"What injury (short of the theatres) did not Boydell's Shakspeare Gallery do me with Shakspeare? to have Opie's Shakspeare, Northcote's Shakspeare, light-headed Fuseli's Shakspeare, heavy-headed Romney's Shakspeare, wooden-headed West's Shakspeare (though he did the best in *Leirr*), deaf-headed Reynolds's Shakspeare, instead of my, and everybody's Shakspeare; to be tied down to an authentic face of Juliet! to have Imogen's portrait! to confine the illimitable!" A few lines higher he goes further, and says, "I am jealous of the combination of the sister arts. Let them sparkle apart."

Obviously this is to push objection too far, and would altogether do away with book illustration of the imaginative kind—the only kind to which we here refer. To such embellishments as views, antiquities, autographs, maps, portraits, there can be no reasonable opposition; nor would come in the category such separate and individual compositions (for which the text is but a pretext) as certain popular designers make into annual picture-books. The subject, however, is too large, and too complicated by side issues, to be dismissed in a column. But the foregoing quotation from Lamb directly suggests speculation as to what he would have said on the theme of an illustrated *Essays of Elia*. Such an one lies before us in all the glory of Mr. Paterson's always tasteful and trustworthy putting-forth. It is beautifully printed; it is elegantly bound. But we are constrained to say, to our regret, that upon two grounds it is a mistake. In the first place, it is too large. The *Essays of Elia* is a book *pernoctare, peregrinari nobiscum*; but, without an apparatus for reading it almost as complicated as that of M. de la Pilule in the *Mariage à la Mode*, how could one take to one's bed a volume which, in spite of its typographical attractions, has the general aspect of an overgrown Liddell and Scott? Used from a roomy lectern to address a select congregation of Agnists, one may conceive it a vocation; but the admirers of Lamb are birds of a feather who do not willingly flock together. Then the illustrations are too few, too empirically chosen, too unsympathetic. Here is Captain Jackson's cottage on the old Bath Road; but it might be Anybody's cottage on the road to Anywhere. And this identical paper contains such a splendid subject! Cannot one fancy what Mr. Caldecott's picture would have been of the "pleasant creature" coming into Glasgow on his wedding-day in a chaise-and-four—"so completely making out the stanza of the old ballad:—

When we came down through Glasgow town
We were a comely sight to see;
My love was clad in black velvet,
And I myself in cramasie."

Where is Mrs. Battle defending the rigour of the game? or the Old Margate Hoy? or those "innocent blacknesses" the chimney-sweepers? Instead of them we have half a dozen etchings, mostly topographical, able enough in their way, those of Messrs. Platt and Swain Gifford especially, but more suited to the *Beauties of England and Wales*, or any other *biblia a-biblia* you can think of, than the pages of the delicate, the quaint, the ever-suggestive *Elia*. And, as there are neither preface nor introduction, and to praise Lamb himself is superfluous, there is nothing left to commend in this edition, upon which such excellent printing and paper have been expended.

PATTISON MUIR'S PRINCIPLES OF CHEMISTRY.*

THE greatest idea born to chemistry since the time of Dalton is undoubtedly the recognition of the distinct nature of atoms and molecules. This discrimination, compared with which the differentiation of bacteria is a colossal operation, and the splitting of hairs a disruption of mountains, came into science a speculation, but is now a theory based on many dissimilar facts, and essential to scientific thought and progress. The labours of many have assisted in its development, and it would be hard to say whether the chemist or physicist had been the greater contributor. The theory in its present form may be stated in few words. Matter, in all forms of solid, liquid, gas, and ultra-gas, consists of ultimate particles called molecules. Each kind of matter has its own kind of molecule. The molecules are never at rest. Motion is the law of the universe, and cessation of motion would be practical annihilation. In the solid the molecular motion is limited, and is not attended with permanent change of position. In the liquid, motion is more free; the molecules change their respective positions, but do not escape from the range of each other's attraction. In the gas, and still more in that ultra-

gaseous condition revealed to us by the splendid researches of Mr. Crookes, the motion of the molecules is so great that their mutual attractive force becomes insignificant. Throughout these changes of state the substance retains its identity, because the molecules which determine its nature remain unaltered. But the molecules are themselves composed of still smaller, and, as far as we know, ultimate particles called atoms. The molecules are, in a sense, clusters of atoms, but atoms in motion and not at rest. They are more fairly compared to solar systems than to piles of shot, and it is no more possible from the size of the molecule to calculate the size of the atoms inside it than it would be to calculate the size of a planet from the magnitude of its orbit. It is strange to remember that these atoms are themselves infinitely great as compared with the infinity of smallness below them. Each one may be a solar system, or even a nebula of fixed stars to some immeasurably smaller speck. Great and small, as we call them, are equal in reference to infinity. With all our scientific progress, we do but move upward on a ladder without bottom and without top. For the present, however, atoms must be assumed to be ultimate particles, different from one another in properties and not very numerous as to kind. Every element has its own specific atom, so that the infinitely diverse molecules of nature are all built up of carbon atoms, oxygen atoms, iron atoms, and the like. It is obvious that all physical science is unified by this theory. The laws of motion and equilibrium are applicable to masses, molecules, and atoms alike. Chemistry is but physics inside the molecule, and it is constantly enlarging its frontiers by the application of physical modes of research.

This physical tendency in modern chemistry is strikingly seen in the book before us, the fullest and best treatise on pure chemistry which has yet appeared. Mr. Pattison Muir has presented in a form which is partly historical and partly didactic the evidence on which the great doctrines of modern chemistry depend. And he has done a great deal more than this. He has collected and expounded, in simple language but with sufficient detail, most of the recent hypotheses which influence, or seem likely to influence, chemical thought. Some of these hypotheses scarcely rank above clever guesses; ingenious ways, possible enough, but as yet insufficiently established, of getting out of known difficulties. In this class we include the interesting speculations of Le Bel and van't Hof on the cause of rotatory polarization by carbon compounds. The "asymmetric carbon atom" is an attractive idea, but hardly, as yet, a reality. The recent research of Mr. Perkin on magnetic rotatory polarization is a far more solid contribution to science. It is fortunate that it appeared in time, though only just in time, to receive notice in Mr. Muir's book.

Not less interesting are the attempts, daily growing in importance, to correlate time and mass with chemical changes. Mr. Muir, who has himself done good experimental work in this direction, devotes a considerable space to the exposition of the work of Guldberg and Waage, who have stated a law which certainly embraces some part, but as certainly not the whole, of the truth. Of a different, but not less important, kind is the periodic law, first discovered by Mr. J. Newlands in 1864. This law was developed by Mendeljeff, to whom it is often, but most unjustly, ascribed. It is no theory, but a statement of facts at present unexplained, but of great practical value in classification. Taking the elements in the order of their atomic weights, it is commonly found that the eighth resembles the first in properties, and that there is often a simple relation between the numbers. Thus, starting from lithium 7, the eighth element is sodium 23, the eighth from that potassium 39, and so on. These three elements resemble one another closely, and it will be observed that 23 is exactly the mean of 7 + 39. So with chlorine, bromine, and iodine, and with sulphur, selenium, and tellurium.

Mr. Muir has divided his treatise into two books—Chemical Statics and Chemical Kinetics. Under the former heading we find atoms and molecules, with a good account of the methods used in determining their weights; atomic and molecular systems, in which the discussion of isomerism and the views of Losson are particularly valuable; the periodic law, noticed above; and a chapter that will probably be found of greater practical use than any other on the "Application of Physical Methods to Problems of Chemical Statics." The study of thermal chemistry occupies about one-half of this chapter. In the hands of Thomsen, Berthelot, and their predecessors and followers, this branch of chemical science has become so extremely important to manufacturers as well as to students that the numbers representing the quantities of heat concerned in chemical changes will soon be stated in every elementary text-book. The terms exothermic and endothermic, each corresponding to a definite number for each compound, represent facts as important as specific gravity, molecular weight, and boiling point.

In the second part of the book we find a good account of dissociation, chapters on chemical change and chemical affinities, in which the theories of affinity are traced from Berthollet downwards to the late and extremely important conclusions of Julius Thomsen and Ostwald.

Mr. Muir is to be congratulated on having rendered an important service to chemical science. In such a book it is not only what is explained, but what is suggested, that is of value. Subjects for research are offered in every page; and the young student will be stimulated as every zealous traveller must be who, standing on the confines of the known, catches from time to time glimpses of the blue hills of the unknown land.

* *A Treatise on the Principles of Chemistry.* By M. M. Pattison Muir, M.A., F.R.S.E., Fellow and Prelector in Chemistry of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge. Cambridge: at the University Press. 1884.

FROM OPITZ TO LESSING.*

OF late years the historical school of literary criticism has made rapid advances both in England and the United States. Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, Dryden, and Pope are no longer isolated names; even the general reader is familiar, at second hand, with the smaller writers who surrounded them and with what is known of the society in which they moved. To such an extent, indeed, has this system of viewing all works of the imagination as so many historical documents gone that an elderly man is apt to feel a little out of his element whenever the conversation turns on poetry. He may be familiar with the best work of the greatest writers, but he is afraid to quote a line or refer to a passage if he is conscious of an inability to pass a strict examination as to all the details or anecdotes of the period to which the author he cites belongs. The plays of Shakspeare were formerly supposed to have a distinct and enduring value, those of his contemporaries were read, only too exclusively, for the purpose of illustrating them; some of our younger students seem to be rushing into the opposite extreme, and to be in danger of regarding *Macbeth* and *Hamlet*, *Twelfth Night* and the *Winter's Tale*, merely as illustrations of a passing phase of our culture. At least there are one or two assertions in the volume before us that might lead an unwary reader to conclude that Mr. Perry considers a bad poem as worthy of study as a good one, if only it be a century or two old.

This, of course, is not the author's serious opinion, as his criticism on Lessing clearly shows; but the tendency which he represents, and occasionally advocates with more vigour than judgment, has already become so strong, that it almost seems necessary to reassert that every real poem or true work of art has a value of its own which is entirely independent of the accidents under which it was produced or the external form which the spirit of the age may have impressed upon it. There is a spirit in all such sincere and capable imaginative work that keeps it alive amid the wreck of States, of religions, and of social systems; and the boy who steals an hour from play, from sleep, or even from his studies, to devote it to Scott, the youth who blunders his way through the *Canterbury Tales*, led on by nothing but a love of Chaucer's humour and pathos, come nearer to the true spirit of the work in which they delight than the student who knows everything that can be learned out of text-books about these poets and their periods, but who has never been moved by any line they have written. On the other hand, imaginative literature has of course a value to all who are interested in history, especially in the history of the development of human thought and feeling. To these Mr. Perry belongs rather than to the simple lovers of poetry, and the fact has enabled him to write a readable and interesting volume on the duldest period in the whole literature of Germany.

One great merit of the book is its inclusiveness. While writing of Germany the author has his eyes constantly fixed on the rest of Europe as well, and so what he has to tell us of the somewhat wearisome writers whom he has made his study at once fits into the picture we have formed of the intellectual life of Europe at the conclusion of the seventeenth and the commencement of the eighteenth centuries. Then common sense reigned supreme in religion, in speculation, and in policy, while in poetry elegance and neatness were held in higher esteem than boldness of conception or fervour of feeling. This condition of things Mr. Perry brings clearly before us; but it is strange that a student who is so deeply interested in tracing the necessary progress of history that he occasionally becomes almost fanciful in his theories should not have thought it worth while to point out its chief cause. In the period that immediately preceded that of pseudo-classicism Europe had been involved in religious war. Conviction had been pitted against conviction, and ideal against ideal. Protestant and Catholic, Cavalier and Roundhead, had appealed in equal confidence to the God of Battles. It was only when the nations were wearied out that peace was restored, and none of them had suffered so much or was so utterly exhausted as Germany. It was inevitable that a reaction should follow, and that the intellectual leaders of the new generation should look with distrust and aversion on the passions, the enthusiasm, nay, even the ideals, that had brought such misery on their respective countries. Mr. Perry does not bring this out with sufficient clearness, but in other respects we have little to say except in praise of the purely historical part of his work.

His literary criticism is less satisfactory. Thus, he remarks justly enough that the work both of Lessing and Herder was fragmentary; but he fails to see how different the cause of this was in the two cases. In Lessing there was a great deal of the modern journalist. He was deeply interested in the intellectual questions of the hour, and addressed himself to each as it arose with the whole force and subtlety of his intellect. Whatever the day found to do he did with all his might; and, if there is a certain want of continuity in his criticism, it is due solely to the fact that one subject after another became of preponderating interest both to him and his public. But every single point on which he touched he treated clearly, thoroughly, often exhaustively. Herder, on the other hand, was ruled by a great conception which he was never able adequately to express. His single works are all partially unsuccessful attempts to give it

utterance. They are fragmentary, therefore, like the speech of a prophet or a stammerer. But it must be remembered that the ideas Herder had to proclaim were more original and of a wider and more pregnant significance than those of Lessing. Mr. Perry has shown an acumen by no means usual in placing the one writer at the conclusion of the old period, and the other at the commencement of the new. Lessing, it is true, spent the greater part of his life in combating the theories of his contemporaries; but he met them with their own weapons, while Herder introduced a new method and a new taste.

In conclusion, we have only to say that though we have dwelt chiefly on points with respect to which we differ with Mr. Perry, these are not numerous, and his volume contains a clear, interesting, and not too lengthy account of the literary movement which it treats.

MEMORIALS OF JAMES HOGG, THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.*

FEW books are more trying to the forbearance of the critic than the tributes paid to the memory of deceased persons by the affectionate piety of surviving relatives. The closest relations of family life are not those which are the most favourable for the due execution of the duties of a biographer. Many things which for the sake of truth ought to be told cannot be told by a son or a daughter. A just estimate of character is not likely to be formed under such circumstances, and it is an affair of mere chance whether the individual undertaking the task is possessed of any of the necessary literary qualifications for its proper performance. It was a great misfortune for literature and for the fame of the person chiefly concerned when family dissensions prevented Sir Henry Taylor from becoming the biographer of Southey, and when an ill-executed and uninteresting work by a son took the place of such a life as would have been written by the distinguished poet and prose writer who would otherwise have undertaken it. Many instances equally infelicitous might be adduced, and the Memorials of the Ettrick Shepherd now published by his daughter cannot claim any special exemption from the general rule.

Fifty years have elapsed since James Hogg died, and there really does not seem to be any strong occasion for the publication of such a volume as has now appeared. The main facts of his life and career were perfectly well known, and the fresh materials given are hardly sufficient to qualify the bulk of the matter among which they figure. The preface, however, explains some of the motives which have been at work. The use made of Hogg's name by Wilson in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* seems not to have been forgotten or forgiven; while some of the allusions to him by Lockhart in his *Life of Scott* not unnaturally may afford ground for continued resentment. Yet it is to Wilson, to Scott himself, and, through him, to the introduction of his name in Lockhart's biography, that Hogg at this day owes much of his present reputation. It is made a matter of complaint in the preface that Hogg was neither a Socrates nor a Falstaff, and that he is otherwise misrepresented in the festive dialogues of the *Noctes*. What Professor Ferrier has said of Hogg in his preface to the collected edition of the *Noctes* edited by him is, "In wisdom the Shepherd equals the Socrates of Plato; in humour he surpasses the Falstaff of Shakspeare," at which it is wonderful that any offence should be taken. No one who has ever been delighted by the reading of them can ever have supposed that everything in the *Noctes* about the Ettrick Shepherd was intended to be taken seriously, any more than the rest of the charming extravagances and exaggerations in which Wilson revelled. And what reasonable right has any admirer of Hogg's to be angry at all the beautiful sayings which are fancifully placed to his share of the conversation round the flowing bowl in the old Blue Parlour at the imaginary Ambrose's, or in the other invented scenes of conviviality? The honours of the *Noctes* really belong to Hogg; of them he was the animating spirit; and there is no better or more appreciative character of Hogg to be found than the one given of him by Professor Ferrier, the son-in-law of Wilson, in the preface to which reference has already been made. From the frequent and kindly mentions of Hogg in Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, a very sufficient knowledge of the man and of the chief incidents of his life can be collected. There is only one passage to which attention need be called, and that is the one in which his attendance at Scott's funeral is recorded, with an allusion to his own death three years afterwards, and the sentence occurs:—"It had been better for his fame had his end been of earlier date, for he did not follow his best benefactor until he had insulted his dust." These words are amply justified by the account given in Professor Veitch's preface of Hogg's publication, entitled *The Domestic Manners and Private Life of Sir Walter Scott*. While claiming for it a feeling of affection and almost of worship for the great man who had noticed and befriended him, it is admitted that there are certain things which might have been omitted (and they certainly ought to have been omitted), coarse gossip and injudicious inferences; and it is added that Hogg's sensitive vanity led him occasionally to see and to feel a meaning in his friend's utterances and dealings with him which probably had no reality. Once, indeed, in Scott's lifetime, Hogg outrageously chose to quarrel with him on Sir Walter's declining to contribute to a poetical

* *From Opitz to Lessing: a Study of Pseudo-Classicism in Literature.* By Thomas Sergeant Perry, Author of "English Literature in the Eighteenth Century." Boston: Osgood. London: Trübner & Co. 1885.

* *Memorials of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd.* Edited by his Daughter, Mrs. Garden. With a Preface by Professor Veitch. Paisley and London: A. Gardner.

miscellany projected by himself, and he then addressed to his best friend and helper a violent letter accusing him of jealousy of his own superior natural genius—a thoroughly foolish and unworthy proceeding—for which Hogg soon had the sense and good feeling to beg forgiveness.

Of the general contents of the book edited by Mrs. Garden, it has only to be said that it gives a pleasing and instructive account of the struggles and successes of her father's life. He belonged to the same class, if not quite to the same order, as Burns and Carlyle. But his career and character were such as to furnish a far better example for imitation than those of the other two Scotsmen who, also springing from a peasant origin, attained the highest places in the literature of their country. If Hogg did not altogether escape from some of the besetting failings of genius and of popular authorship, his whole life was one of honest work, and in his private and domestic relations it was blameless and deserving of approbation. On Hogg's precise rank as poet and prose writer it is unnecessary to dwell, it being a well-ascertained and acknowledged one, only it may be remarked that Professor Veitch scarcely does justice to his works in prose. The *Confessions of a Sinner*, which he does not mention, is a very remarkable book.

RICHELIEU.*

WHILE expressly disclaiming any pretension to originality in his account of France under the administration of Cardinal Richelieu, M. Masson has done good service to English readers by giving them in a handy form the results of the labours of the best French writers on his subject. Nor must his disclaimer be interpreted too literally; for while he owes much to others, and especially to Viscount d'Avenel, he has evidently studied the contemporary *Mémoires* for himself. In the first part of his book he has to some extent sacrificed the opportunity of writing an interesting story to an effort after clearness and exhaustive treatment; for, instead of relating the events with which his earlier chapters are chiefly occupied in chronological order, he has divided them according to the several subjects on which they bear. Now, although such an arrangement is useful, and indeed necessary, in his later chapters, which deal with taxation, police, literature, and art, it is ill adapted to narrative. Picking out and placing by themselves first all events relating to one subject, and then all relating to another, is much like putting all the chairs in a house into one room and all the tables into another. The effect is bad, both as regards beauty and usefulness. The arrangement M. Masson has adopted deprives Richelieu's history of the element of personal interest belonging to the career of a statesman who was engaged in a struggle against a series of attacks made on him from various quarters and often by parties acting in secret concert. And it is open to the objection that it prevents the reader from fully comprehending either the dangers that beset the Cardinal from the intrigues of the discontented nobles with the Spanish Court, or the strict connexion between his home policy and the humiliation of the Austrian power—an end he sought to effect both by force of arms and by the establishment of religious toleration. For the accomplishment of this end it was necessary that France should be at unity in itself, and Richelieu's only idea of unity was uniform subjection. He stamped out the last remains of municipal independence at the fall of Rochelle, and destroyed the power of the Huguenots as a political party, though, as M. Masson duly points out, he turned them into loyal subjects by granting them religious liberty. His ecclesiastical policy, which is succinctly exhibited in another chapter, had a similar direction. He forced the Jesuits to condemn a work written by a member of the Order which exalted the papacy above the kings of the earth; and, while upholding the rights of the Gallican Church against external interference, he—though here he failed—attacked its immunity from taxation. The most serious obstacle to the establishment of the despotism he was organizing lay in the privileges and restlessness of the nobles. In reviewing the repressive measures pursued against them, M. Masson observes that, richly as those who were punished with death, forfeiture, and exile deserved their fate, many of them were condemned with little or no regard to law, and were treated by the Cardinal rather as his private enemies than as enemies to the State. The description of Richelieu's foreign policy forms the least satisfactory chapter in the volume. When Wallenstein seemed to be about to make the Emperor the military despot of Germany, the question at stake was not "a problem already often discussed" (p. 139), but one that had never arisen before since the Imperial crown was first worn by a member of the House of Habsburg. And how the Emperor could have "seriously regarded" the bestowal on himself of the title of the King of the Romans as a fitting reward for his concessions at the Diet of Ratisbon, or how the Electors could have refused to bestow it (p. 142), are mysteries only to be explained by carelessness in revision for press. The character of Richelieu's internal administration is, on the whole, well drawn out, considerable use being made here, as elsewhere, of the work of M. d'Avenel. The frightful increase of taxation and the miseries of the peasantry are forcibly illustrated by the insurrections of the *Croquants* and *Nu-pieds*. M. Masson quotes some of Richelieu's maxims, such as "The true means of enriching the State is by relieving the people," as proofs of the soundness of his financial designs. The Cardinal's *Mémoires*, indeed, contain plenty of such

specious sayings, but we should scarcely go to them for a true picture of his character or work. The best idea of Richelieu's finance may be obtained by setting side by side, not merely the amounts of the taxes imposed during his administration and under Henry IV., but the proportions the Treasury actually received of the amounts levied after the reforms of Sully and towards the end of the Cardinal's life. In the chapters on the intellectual, literary, and artistic features of the period will be found satisfactory notices of the foundation of the Academy and of the origin of the famous Congregation of St. Maur. Some lively details are given of the early literary réunions, of the Dix-Sept Seigneurs, and of the more notable company of *précieux* and *précieuses* that assembled in the Hôtel de Rambouillet. The Cardinal is described as "the centre not only of the political but of the intellectual world." In this estimate sufficient weight is not given to the character and effect of his patronage. Under his administration literature, like all else, had to conform to his will and to flatter his vanity. Corneille broke away from "the Cardinal's brigade" of second-rate pensioners, and was persecuted by his former patron. Descartes refused to make his home in Paris. Richelieu hated all independent vigour. The despotism of the French Crown was not indeed the child of his administration; its growth was slow and gradual. His special work at home was the overthrow of every power which at that time could thwart the will of the Crown. He left one will not only supreme, but alone in France. In the general survey with which Mr. Masson concludes this useful little volume he shows how this policy, continued by Mazarin and Louis XIV., bore its natural fruit when a new force arose, and the King found himself face to face with the lowest ranks of the people.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

IN noticing M. Clément's great History of Music (1), we do not pretend for the present to review it from the specialist point of view; that may perhaps be done later. We may here recommend it as a very abundant and amusing source of information *de re musica*, in the widest sense. M. Clément has traced the history of systems of notation; he has described the music and the musical instruments of all countries, he has elaborately followed the fortunes of different musical *genres* in France, and he has peppered the whole with remarks always quaint, if not always extraordinarily wise. Thus, the liveliness of Prussian military airs fills him with astonishment, till he remembers that it is probably intended of set purpose to neutralize the "natural heaviness" of the Prussian. His comment, or rather moral, on the plainness of English bugle-calls is of such a mysterious ambiguity and is so absolutely impossible to interpret with certainty, either as a compliment or otherwise, that we only refer to it as to the words of a seer. Lastly, the eight hundred pages of his portly volume are studded with innumerable and very agreeable illustrations, drawings of musical instruments, portraits of composers, singers, and musicians generally, sketches of musical scenes from the great masters, &c. The whole makes a book so interesting to turn over, that even if knowing persons were to tell us that M. Clément is all wrong in his musical faith and knowledge, we should continue to regard his book as one pleasant to look at and useful to keep on the shelves.

The diplomatist who has executed an essay on woman's mission (2) has come at the nick of time to justify his order threatened with extinction by telegraphs and newspaper correspondents. A diplomatist, if we may judge from this specimen, is a man who retains the tradition and faculty of respectable platitude. Many men now platitudinize, but not as a rule respectably. Our diplomatist is an embodied copybook. "Plus les devoirs," says he, "sont importants et difficiles, plus ils ennoblissent ceux qui les remplissent bien." Again, "De tout temps et en tout lieu il y a eu des mères qui ont commandé le respect et l'admiration en élevant leurs enfants." "Tout homme," yet again, "a parfois besoin de conseil." Verily we hope here be truths, and they are only a casual sample of the abundant verities with which the diplomatist describes in a small volume of large print the duties of the mother, the wife, the grandmother, the young girl, the old maid, the mother-in-law, the governess. We observe with pain that the great-grandmother, the pew-opener, and the *tante à la mode de Bretagne* are omitted. Seriously, it would be impossible to imagine a more estimable or a feebler work than that of this diplomatist without guile.

M. Paul Nicole, who seems to have taken up primitive man as a pastime, is nearly as guileless as the diplomatist, but he has produced a much more attractive book (3). His boiling down of the speculations of anthropologists as to man 2,000,000 (hang the expense, as Lord Smart says, let us have another cipher) years ago is not very noteworthy. But he has had his book illustrated with a not inconsiderable number of very pretty little cuts on the immortal principle of Lord Littlebrain looking out of the window. Here is primitive man at large, square-shouldered, round-bodied, long-armed, prognathous, sloping-browed. There he is meeting an elephant who could give Jumbo many feet in altitude, and whose ears spread like the sails of some tall admiral. Elsewhere he is

(1) *Histoire de la musique*. Par Félix Clément. Paris: Hachette.

(2) *Essai sur la mission actuelle de la femme*. Par un diplomate. Paris: Plon.

(3) *L'homme il y a deux cent mille ans*. Par Paul Nicole. Paris: Dentu.

* Richelieu. By Gustave Masson, B.A. "Home Library." S. P. C. K.

having a four-handed mill of an unscientific but exciting character, one couple tooling with the naked fist and the others with stick against flint. And yet elsewhere primitive woman is fixing her gentle teeth well into his shoulder, a proceeding which seems to disconcert his notions of self-defence. They are very nice little pictures, and we wish it had occurred to "an diplomat" to employ the artists who did them to make sketches of the mother, the wife, the grandmother, the governess, the mother-in-law, the old maid, and so forth. They are wicked men who say that illustrations are a distraction, in the English sense, in a book that is good for anything; a distraction, in the French sense, in a book that is not. But there is a good deal of truth in what they say.

It is perhaps a little rash of any one to bring his work into apparent comparison or contrast with Jules Sandeau's, but M. Nollée de Noduzew (4) has a certain knowledge of men and things which serves to carry off his rashness. He tells a capital story of his original which we have never heard before or have forgotten. A certain real Marquis was hoaxed into believing that Sandeau had "meant him," and wrote a furious letter to the novelist. To this the author replied, in the politest terms, that the Marquis was quite right, that it was unpardonable in him (Sandeau) not to have acknowledged the origin of the portrait, and that he only waited the Marquis's express permission to alter the title of his play and book at once. The Marquis, who was hot-tempered but no fool, put this reply in his album with the annotation "touché!" in his own hand. As for *Le point noir* (5), it is a stout cut-and-come-again novel of a well-known kind, with plentiful breaches of divers commandments, ingenious detectives, love-making mysteries, and what not. It is, in fact, rather what a Frenchman, if he had a brilliant inspiration in English, would probably call a "Penny Dreadnought." Very much the same may be said of its sequel and complement, *Un gendre* (6).

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE details of the negotiations leading to what we call the Treaty of Versailles have naturally a particular interest for Americans. The independence of their country was recognized in the course of the diplomatic struggle which wound up the war, and the conduct of their Government and its agents has been severely criticized. It was only natural, therefore, that studies of this passage in the history of the United States should have appeared during or soon after the Centenary celebration. The one before us, *The Peace Negotiations of 1782 and 1783* (New York), is in the form of an address delivered to the New York Historical Society, and is printed for the Society. The author, Mr. Jay, is the descendant of one of the most prominent Americans of the time, and so has a personal interest in the subject of which he treats. Unfortunately, it has not been able to inspire him with any vigour of style. Mr. Jay has clearly been at some pains to master his subject, but his address has the faults common in American historical works. It is too long, it is rather shapeless, and it is full of a fidgety suspicion that the monarchies of the old world were, after all, in league together to clip the wings of the dreaded young American eagle. For the rest, Mr. Jay has no difficulty in showing that, while individual Frenchmen fought for the States with generosity or from a manly love of adventure, the French Government was influenced by a pure regard for its own interests. This seems shocking to the lecturer, but more impartial students will be inclined to consider it a matter of course. To an Englishman the most interesting part of Mr. Jay's study is the proof it affords of the dexterity shown by our Ministers at the time in profiting by the dissensions of their enemies, and extricating this country from the most dangerous position it ever occupied.

The Story of the Life and Aspirations of L. R. Koolemans Beynen (Sampson Low & Co.) is a very wholesome book. The hero of the biography was a young Dutch naval officer, who was bitten with a passion for Arctic exploration. His biographer, Mr. C. Boissevain, has to write much more about his aspirations than about his actual adventures; for Beynen had no opportunity of carrying out his ideas, and died young. He did, however, sail with Sir A. Young in the *Pandora*, and he also saw some service in Acheen, and as officer of a training-ship in the North Seas. Beynen appears to have been much too wordy and eloquent, but he was none the less a gallant and skilful officer. A seaman who loved the sea because it punishes hesitation in the presence of danger with instant death, had obviously got to the root of the matter. Beynen's great aspiration was to persuade the Dutch Government to drill its fleet more in the North Seas and less in what he called the Capua of India. He had a very proper sense of the glorious character of Dutch naval history.

Mr. C. J. Bellamy, seeing the world much cumbered with difficult social questions, has undertaken to show it *The Way Out* (New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons). His road does not differ materially from a variety of others offered to a puzzled world in these days, being built out of Socialism and sentiment. Mr. Bellamy thinks that we should all get richer if a limit was put to the gains of particular persons—or, in other words, that men would work as hard for less reward. One of his ideas is that

criminals should be elevated, not by a rope, but by being supplied with the society of "men and women better and wiser than themselves." This is a characteristically philanthropic notion. Good and wise men and women are to be condemned to imprisonment and hard labour to elevate the bad and stupid. Does Mr. Bellamy know what happened to the angel who came down to elevate Don Juan?

A volume of undidactic, but not necessarily unscientific, talk about trees by an acknowledged authority is a book to be recommended to every one with a proper love of the most beautiful of the ornaments of our country-side. Mr. Heath is an authority, and he has produced such a book. His *Tree Gossip* (Field & Tuer) is a well-printed, pretty volume, full of readable matter about many kinds of trees.

A sound knowledge of whist is a thing which does much to smooth the Englishman's path in life. "Five of Clubs" (Richard A. Proctor) has therefore been patriotically engaged in writing his *How to Play Whist* for the "Knowledge" Library (Longmans & Co.). It is a reprint of articles already published, and Mr. Proctor maintains that "In less than half an hour, by the method supplied here, the right card to lead and the right meaning of each lead can be fully learned." He undertakes a great task, and we hope he may not mislead any trusting youth.

Day Dreams and *Fireside Fancies* are the titles of two books for children, both by "Hope" (Simpkin & Marshall). They contain rather more about love, marriage, and death than seems appropriate for such young readers, or is even likely to be understood by them.

An edition of the *Man of Law's Tale*, for use in schools, may be recommended (W. & R. Chambers). It contains a life of Chaucer, with notes and a glossary; and, by introducing the young to the easy task of reading the poet in the original, should do something to make modernizations wholly unpopular. *Dictation Exercises* (Griffith & Farran) is what its name shows—a collection of extracts to be read to classes. Dr. Huss's *System of Oral Instruction in German* (Macmillan & Co.) is intended to combine "the grammatical and the so-called 'natural' method." In other words, it gives a regular grammar and a mass of exercises.

The Misses Arnold have compiled a very pretty *Edwin Arnold Birthday Book* (Boston: Lothrop & Co.). It contains some poems written expressly for it, and is illustrated in a highly American fashion.

We have received Part XXI. of *The Illustrated Dictionary of Gardening* (L. Upcott Gill), a number of the *Oxford Magazine* (Oxford: H. Hart; London: H. Frowde), and the first livraison of a Greek translation of *Paradise Lost*, published in Leipzig. It is illustrated by Gustave Doré's well-known plates (David Nutt). Thom's *Official Directory*, forty-second publication, is published (Dublin: Alex. Thom).

We have received a copy of Vol. I. of Cassell's *Popular Gardener*, edited by Mr. D. T. Fish (Cassell & Co.), and have also to notice the appearance of Vol. IV., Part I., of the *Encyclopedic Dictionary* of the same firm.

Mr. D. O'Donovan, librarian to the Parliament of Queensland, has drawn up a really excellent catalogue of the books under his charge (Brisbane: James C. Beal. By authority). The arrangement chosen by Mr. O'Donovan is clear, and the references very full. Not only are books entered under their title and the name of the author, but sub-references are given to subjects. Such fulness of detail might lead to mere confusion in the case of the Catalogue of the British Museum, which is not meant to serve also as an index to particular works, but it greatly increases the use of a smaller collection of books.

We have pleasure in welcoming the appearance of a new periodical, *The Oxford Review: a Weekly Record of University Life and Thought* (published by the "Oxford Times" Company, Limited, 11 New Road, Oxford), the three first numbers of which have reached us, containing much lively and interesting matter, in the shape of articles signed with well-known names, letters, reviews, and local intelligence. The first issue left something to be desired in the manner of printing, but we note a marked improvement in this respect in the second and third.

We have to regret that the name of Messrs. Collins & Co. was given as that of the publishers of Hospitalier's *Electrician's Pocket Book* in a recent issue. It should have been Messrs. Cassell & Co.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

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